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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

THE DUTY OF THE FREE STATES.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON FEDERAL RELATIONS,

In support of the Petition asking for a Law to Prevent the Recapture of Fugitive Slaves,

In the Hall of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, February 24, 1859.

Phonographically reported for The Liberator, by Mr. YERRINTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: I do not rise to define my position. I am an Abolitionist; and therefore for the abolition of slavery in Carolina, and for the abolition of slave-hunting in the old Bay State, now and forever (applause).

When, a week ago to-day, you kindly consented to give another hearing on this occasion, I took it for granted it was not because your minds were not made up on this question in the right direction, but only as an act of courtesy to the petitioners; for I mean to take it for granted, at least till I see your report, that you are on the side of humanity and justice; and that I am not looking into the faces of those who can consent to kidnapping in this State, under any circumstances, or for any considerations whatsoever.

How extraordinary is an interview like this! and how it will read in the history of the Commonwealth! that we meet here gravely to deliberate whether it will be right, or proper, or safe, or constitutional, for us to "hide the outcast, and bewray not him that wandereth!"—or whether we ought not to coöperate with slave-hunters, and reduce their victims again to bondage!

> "And what man, seeing this,
> And having human feelings, does not blush,
> And hang his head to think himself a man?"—

a Massachusetts man, under these circumstances? It implies great moral degradation on the part of the people of this Commonwealth hitherto—great inhumanity of heart—that, for seventy years, we have allowed the slave-hunter to course with impunity over our soil, from Cape Cod to Berkshire, and everywhere, at Plymouth Rock, in Faneuil Hall, on Bunker Hill, to seize his poor hunted victim, and drag him back to the hell of slavery. The time past must suffice for all this. The people, thank God, have resolved that it shall come to an end. No matter what this Legislature may say or do, in the premises; if it be in opposition to the will of the people—as those who sit in these seats are but the mere creatures of that will—the people will "send them to Coventry."

When an appeal is made, at any time, anywhere, in behalf of justice and mercy, it carries with it everything of argument, and rhetoric, and logic, and law; and no additional words are needed, in fact, to enforce it. If the object be just, humane, glorious, no multiplication of words can strengthen it. And this is the case presented to you in the multitudinous petitions lying on your table.

Let me say a word in regard to the petitioners as a body. I know that, in this hall, a member of your own legislative body has undertaken, in advance, to pour contempt upon them; to represent them as fanatics, incendiaries, and traitors; to identify them with the class known as radical Abolitionists. Now, gentlemen, you have but to examine these petitions to see how utterly false is such a charge. They have been signed without distinction of party, and with no reference to the Anti-Slavery movement as such. I mean that men and women have put their names to the petition as people rush out in common to put out a conflagration which is threatening to consume the city; that there is no fanaticism in it; that the persons who have signed it are not agreed in their views in regard to the best method of attacking slavery in our country, and of effecting its ultimate abolition. On many points we are divided; but on this one point of making Massachusetts free soil to every human being planting his foot upon it, there is but one opinion among the people, and that opinion will prevail. No insult, no ridicule, no menace, on the part of any man or body of men, as against these petitioners, will avail anything. I know the heart of the Commonwealth; I know what are the pulsations of the people; I know that if there be one thing, more than another, which unites them at this hour, cost what it may, it is this proposition to consecrate our soil to freedom by giving protection to every hunted fugitive slave who may come to us for protection. Whoever in this Legislature shall seek to vote down the prayer of these petitioners will have an account to settle with the people, and the people will have an account to settle with him; and none can doubt which way the balance will turn.

A member of this House, in the spirit of demagogueism, has raised the outcry that to grant the prayer of this petition will be to come under the dictation of the Abolitionists; that the Abolitionists boast that whatever they decree is enacted by the Legislature; and you are summoned, by every feeling of self-respect and manhood, to stand your ground, and not be driven by such "fanatical agitators." Now, gentlemen, if this be true, that, hitherto, all that the Abolitionists have asked of the Legislature has been granted—and it is true—then one of two things is also true: either that the Abolitionists of the Commonwealth are a large majority of the people, and so it is the popular and all-pervading sentiment of our State which is branded as fanaticism, or else that the Abolitionists, few in number, have always been so wise, so sagacious, so just, so humane, in every request they have yet made, that the people have been constrained to say "Amen" to it (applause). And this, gentlemen, is the simple fact. The Abolitionists, though held up as fanatics and madmen by priest and demagogue, have no fanaticism and no madness, either as to their object or the spirit which animates them. WE BELIEVE IN THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE; and all our fanaticism, from the beginning to this hour, has consisted in this—in meaning just what we say of that Declaration; but, alas! the nation is hypocritical and perfidious. We believe in the inalienable rights of man, and our crime has been that we have refused to compromise these rights to accommodate any party or sect, or to sustain any law, constitution or compact. We shall surely be vindicated at the court of conscience and at the tribunal of God, and the verdict of posterity will be, *The Abolitionists were in the right, and the nation was in the wrong.*

Let us see, gentlemen, whether there is any cause for blushing, on the part of the Legislature, that it has "bowed to the dictation of the Abolitionists," and done certain things at "their command." We first asked the Legislature to record a strong and solemn protest against the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia—not a slave State, but territory owned by the whole nation, and under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, and for the government of which the nation is responsible. Our petition was promptly responded to by the Legislature, and it has no need to be ashamed of its action.

We asked, again, that there might be an expression of sentiment, in behalf of the State, against the inter-State slave trade, which presents more than the horrors of the foreign; for there are circumstances attending it which are peculiarly distressing and revolting; and the Legislature again responded to the appeal in strong language. Is this an act to be ashamed of?

Next, when the daring attempt was made to override the forms of constitutional law, and transcend the powers of the national government, in order to secure the extension of slavery by the annexation of a foreign slave State to our own—Texas—we petitioned the Legislature to place on record the protest of Massachusetts against that lawless and wicked deed. It did so. Is it anything to be ashamed of?

Again: when South Carolina and Louisiana undertook to imprison such of our colored seamen as were found in their ports—not only to imprison, but also in various instances to send them to the auction-block, and sell them as slaves to pay their jail fees—we called upon the Legislature to protest against this perfidious and oppressive treatment, and to send agents to those States to seek legal redress by taking an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. The request was complied with—with what success, gentlemen, you well know. But, surely, the Commonwealth has no reason to be ashamed of its course in this matter—only ashamed that it has been intimidated from making a fresh effort to protect the rights of our outraged colored citizens.

Again: In some sections of the State, especially in Boston, colored children were illegally excluded from the benefit of public schools, and compelled to herd together as a separate and despised caste. For a long time the aristocracy of Boston was contumacious and defiant toward the popular feeling of the State on this point, and resolved that there should be no blending of white and colored children in the common schools of the city. We asked the Legislature to decree, in unmistakable terms, the abolition of all complexional distinctions in the schools. It did so: and in Boston, to-day, the blackest child sits quietly and honorably by the side of the whitest. Gentlemen, there is no cause for regret or shame in this act.

Again: the protest of the Legislature has been requested, and granted, against that "bill of abominations," the Fugitive Slave law, the passage of which excited a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world; and also against the infamous Dred Scott decision, and the swindling Kansas and Nebraska act. What true son of Massachusetts has cause to blush at what has been done in these particulars?

The last thing we have asked, what we are now asking, is that every fugitive slave coming to this State shall be protected, and that no person from the South may be allowed to hunt him on our soil as though he were a wild beast. All the other requests have been granted, and is this to be denied? Is there any doubt with regard to the public opinion on this subject? Do the people still rule in the Old Bay State? I take it they do; and I affirm that they are ready for this measure. They want no delay, no paltering, no dodging; but they want a decree, simple, plain, explicit, which shall protect every fugitive slave coming within our borders. I trust, gentlemen, that your report will be unanimous, and that you will bring in a bill which shall be most effectual for this purpose (applause).

Gentlemen, the petition implies that Massachusetts now allows slave-hunting on her soil as constitutional. This is either true or is not. If it be true, then the people of Massachusetts are a commonwealth of kidnappers by constitutional agreement. Hence, every man who does not protest against the deed is to be put into the category of kidnappers. He may be a gentlemanly man, but he is a gentlemanly *kidnapper*. He may be a Republican, but he is a Republican *kidnapper*. He may be a Democrat, but he is a Democratic *kidnapper*. He may be a Presbyterian, Methodist or Unitarian, but he is a Methodist, Unitarian or Presbyterian *kidnapper*. Every man who is not for putting an end to this nefarious business becomes an accomplice in it, and, of course, reveals his true character. He shows that, in that direction, and to that extent, his heart has been turned to stone, and that he is willing to trample upon the law of God, and disregard all the claims of bleeding humanity. If it be true that slave-hunters are permitted to go through the Commonwealth, and seize their victims wherever they can find them, then it is time, and the people now say it is time, to put an end to this forever. But if it is not true that there is any law binding us, any contract compelling us to allow this, then, of course, it is the greater shame to us that we have allowed it so long, and there can be no valid objection to the passage of the desired decree. We stand here in the name of the living God to say that, no matter what your parchments may be, or how many contracts you may have made to seize the fugitive, to "bewray the wanderer," the law of God is paramount over all; and your iniquitous parchments are to be given to the consuming fire, your unrighteous pledges are not to be kept, and justice is to be maintained at all hazards. "Your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." If we have made any such covenant, or entered into any such agreement, shame to us that we have kept it so long; it will be to our honor and glory when we trample it beneath our feet.

I cannot, gentlemen, place the same construction upon the Constitution, respecting the rendition of fugitive slaves, which my respected friend Mr. Sewall has done. I cannot plead that it is not in the bond to give up the fugitive slave. It is for those who can to do so; for myself, I cannot outface this nation, and say, that for seventy years, it has never understood its own Constitution in this particular. I believe that Massachusetts consented, with her eyes open, and for the sake of making a union with the South possible, to allow the slave-hunter to come here, and take his prey; and I would not spend one moment in attempting to argue, on the words of the Constitution, that we have never agreed to do any such thing. I believe that the intent of a bargain is the bargain, whatever may be the language used, and I would not try to get rid of an obligation, however unjust, by a false interpretation of the instrument. I believe Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jay and Marshall, and all those who made the Constitution, and the people who adopted it, understood what they were about. They knew that they agreed to allow a slave representation in Congress; yet the words are not to be found in the Constitution. They intelligently and deliberately agreed that the foreign slave trade should be prosecuted for the term of twenty years, without Congressional intervention; yet they did not allow the term "slave trade" to be inserted in the Constitution. They also understandingly agreed that slaves who should escape from their masters into other States, should be given up. Why, gentlemen, the Fugitive Slave law itself, which creates such universal disgust and horror, does not contain the words runaway slave, or slaveholder, or slave-catcher; in its language, it is entirely unexceptionable. *It is the language of the Constitution of the United States!* What a waste of time and effort it would be to argue, from the phraseology of that nefarious law, that it was never designed by Congress to refer to fugitive slaves! Enough that, for seventy years, all the Courts, all the Legislatures, all the Congresses, and all the people, have understood these compromises of the Constitution in precisely the same way, and pronounced them obligatory. It is too late, therefore, to get up a new and unwarrantable construction of the Constitution, in order to justify us in doing right and obeying God. All I have to say is, as one holding loyalty to God to be paramount in all cases, I care not though every word in the Constitution be for slavery, or every sentence an agreement on our part to stand by it. In that case, it is all null and void, and a crime of the deepest dye for us to carry it out; and so I stand here on the ground of eternal justice, and appeal to the law of the living God, and ask you to do likewise.

Gentlemen, the cry of "treason" has been raised in this hall. "Treason!" I thought treason was something very plainly defined by the Constitution. I understand it to be an overt act—giving aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war—taking up arms against the government. It is no treason in which we are engaged; it is loyalty to Heaven. It is only treason to the devil and all his works (loud applause). I know they said, of old, when they perpetrated that crime which has shocked all generations since the event took place, and the remembrance of which will go down to the end of the world, causing a universal shudder—I know, when they nailed Jesus to the cross between two thieves, they justified themselves by the plea, "WE HAVE A LAW, and *by that law* he ought to die; his blood be on us, and on our children." But I know that they were none the less guilty on that ground, and that their pretended regard for the law was loathsome hypocrisy and horrible impiety. And I maintain that, in view of all the light we enjoy, and living as we do eighteen hundred years after those old dark days of Judaism, it is, before God, a greater crime in us to allow a slave to be carried off from the soil of Massachusetts than it was in the Jews to allow Jesus to be crucified. We have incomparably more light; and guilt must be in proportion to the amount of light enjoyed and resisted. For myself, I would rather take my chance hereafter with those who put the spear into the side of Jesus than with those who, in this day, with the gospel of Christ in one hand, and the Declaration of Independence in the other, consent to allow a human being to be transformed into a beast, and to be carried off from our soil to stripes and bondage.

How is it, gentlemen, that latitude and longitude make such a wide moral difference respecting acts that are essentially alike? By the law of the land, you know that whoever seizes a man on the coast of Africa, and makes or helps to make him a slave, is adjudged guilty of piracy. True, the law is now a dead letter; for it is a Slave Oligarchy that rules us; still, it remains the recorded judgment of this nation, that every one who enslaves a native-born African is guilty of piracy. Now, "a man's a man for a' that." Are we then to consent to be pirates, by joining in the chase, and hunting down those who come to us for safety and protection? Allow me to give you an account of the latest case of an escaped fugitive slave which has taken place in this State. I will read you the narrative, as taken down from the fugitive's own lips:

"On the 4th of December, 1858, I secreted myself on board the brig William Purington, of Boston, Captain James L. Bryant, then lying at the wharf in Wilmington, N. C. Three days afterwards, the brig sailed for Boston. About three days out, I was discovered by the mate of the brig, who informed Capt. Bryant that a runaway slave was on board; whereupon the captain, in a great passion, swore terrible oaths at me. He threatened to blow my brains out, and to send me back to Wilmington, the first chance he could get. I had forty-five or fifty dollars in specie tied up round my body: the mate searched me, and took the money from me, in the presence of the captain. I asked the captain to give it back to me, several times, but he only swore at me, and refused, and has never restored it to me. He ordered me into the booby hatch, which was filled mostly with barrels of spirits of turpentine, rosin, &c., to punish me, as I believe. I could not lie down or walk there, but could only sit upon the barrels, for several days and nights. The air was so close there, and so impregnated with the fumes of the spirits of turpentine, that I became almost entirely exhausted. I could neither stand nor walk. I told the mate I should soon die there; he saw my condition; then the captain ordered me on the open deck, and forbid my going to any other part of the brig, day or night. There I recovered from the bad effects of the spirits of turpentine. I could not sleep upon deck, the weather was so cold; my feet and hands were so badly frost-bitten that I am yet (Feb. 25th) unable to work, and under the doctor's care.

"From the day that I was discovered in the brig, the captain directed that only bread and water should be given to me. He said that was too good for me; but when the crew caught a porpoise, I was allowed some of that. I was treated in a brutal manner, both by the captain and mate. My sufferings were terrible in the booby hatch, and on the deck.

"The brig put into Holmes' Hole, and lay there several days. I was obliged to keep upon the deck here. I endeavored to get on shore while in that harbor, but could not succeed.

"On the evening of Dec. 26, we arrived at the outer harbor of Boston. A pilot-boat came alongside, but the captain refused to take the pilot, saying that he knew the way in. Soon after, he got aground in the Narrows. All hands were then called, and great exertions were made to get the brig afloat; but they could not succeed, as the tide was falling. All hands worked till midnight, and then turned in. I had worked as hard as the rest to help get the brig off, but there was no rest for me. The captain ordered me to remain on deck, work the pump, and keep her free. At daylight, I let myself down into the ship channel, and swam to Lovell's island, a distance of about two hundred feet, as near as I could judge. I then travelled over to the other side of the island, entirely out sight of the brig; there, in that cold morning, I kept constantly walking to and fro, to keep from freezing, for about two hours, when I spied a small sail-boat, and held up my pocket-handkerchief as a signal of distress. The boat neared the island; I hailed them, and begged them to take me on board. They did so, and took me up to the city, and landed me upon Commercial wharf."

Such is the narrative. I know nothing personally of the captain or mate of that vessel, but from this representation, which I have no doubt is strictly true, they are evidently devoid of all the feelings of our common humanity; and the last thing I should wish to do would be to touch the hand of either of them. But, gentlemen, what a case is this! The victim, in our own harbor, in the wintry month of December, throws himself overboard, at the risk of drowning or freezing, in order to effect his escape; for he well understood that he might be taken back to slavery, even from Massachusetts. The question is, shall he be protected among us; or shall we join with that captain and mate, be as inhuman and brutal as they, seize him, and send him back to the South? Massachusetts says, "No; God forbid! Let him remain" (applause).

Gentlemen, let those who raise the cry of disloyalty to the Union, in disparagement of the friends of humanity in this Commonwealth, go to the South, where they belong. They are feverishly anxious, forsooth, that the law should be scrupulously kept, and the compact carefully observed, when fugitive slaves are to be caught; but as to the outlawry of our colored citizens at the South, and the ruthless violation of our own constitutional rights in that section, they have no complaint to make, no censure to bestow. Let them go and seek a residence in Georgia or Alabama. They have no sympathy with the free spirit of Massachusetts, are perfidious to her highest interests, and approvingly see her insulted and dishonored by the entire South. I recommend one member of this House, who represents not the Commonwealth, but Carolina, to lose no time in taking the cars southward; and if he is anxious to see the Constitution maintained, let him there begin the work of rebuking and exposing those who, for the vilest purposes, are ever disregarding its most sacred provisions, before raising the senseless cry of "treason! treason!" from these seats, against those who are true to the principles of freedom.

Talk of "our glorious Union"! THERE IS NO UNION. The free States are conquered provinces—that is all. We are living under a usurpation, bold, audacious, bloody, and the forms of government have become mockeries. There is no Union; and the man who throws up his cap and cries, "The Union forever!" is morally in a condition to be sent to a mad-house, and have a straight-jacket put upon him. There is no Union—none, I mean, for free souls and manly hearts. There is a Union for slaveholders, slave-traders, slave-speculators, slave-hunters, and their Northern pimps and allies; but none for honest, manly, freedom-loving spirits in this land. Take the last Presidential election, which proves all that I say in regard to our living under a usurpation. James Buchanan is the President of the United States! Just as legally and constitutionally so as Louis Napoleon of France. We have had no constitutional Presidential election. When, in all the slave States, the slaveholders made it perilous to the life of any man to say, "I am in favor of the election of John C. Fremont"—when, in all the South, it was not possible to hold a Convention in favor of Mr. Fremont, or to nominate and advocate an electoral ticket bearing his name, except at great personal hazard—when border-ruffianism actually took possession of every ballot-box at the South, to secure the election of James Buchanan—was not that the overthrow of the very forms of Republican government, and the triumph of high-handed usurpation? I understand a constitutional election to be this: entire freedom of choice for all parties, without limitation, and without peril—the recognized right to hold meetings, employ speakers, and use all necessary means to operate upon public sentiment, in order to success. This was the freedom accorded to the Democratic party throughout the country. During the campaign, distinguished Southern slaveholders were everywhere at the North, at all Democratic gatherings of local importance, advocating the claims of its Presidential candidate. They found their way to Bunker Hill, into Faneuil Hall, and down to Plymouth Rock, declaiming against impartial freedom, and hotly opposing the election of Mr. Fremont; but who thought of putting them in bodily peril? Who, in all the North, among the most heated partisans of Mr. Fremont, thought of saying, "Whoever dares to avow himself in favor of the election of James Buchanan, the candidate of the slave oligarchy, let him be lynched, or driven south of Mason and Dixon's line"? Nobody. On the Democratic side, there was liberty of speech, of locomotion, and of choice, North and South, to the utmost extent. But what Republican ventured down South to advocate the claims of Mr. Fremont? Why did not Mr. Wilson, or Mr. Hale, or Mr. Seward, or any other distinguished leader or advocate of the Republican party, go? *Because they knew if they went, they would never come back again!* Is this the enjoyment of constitutional liberty?

Besides all this, even Southern men—not Abolitionists, not hostile to slavery in spirit or purpose on Southern soil—for simply avowing their preference for Mr. Fremont (as in the case of Prof. Hedrick, of the University of North Carolina, Mr. Underwood, of Virginia, and other highly respectable citizens), were compelled to seek safety in flight, and have not deemed it advisable to return to their homes and firesides, even to this day. In one instance, a friend of Mr. Fremont was shot dead in the presence of his wife, and she obliged to flee for her life. Under such circumstances, this is not a constitutional government, but a bloody usurpation; and a brute-force slave oligarchy reigns over us.

In a recent speech in this city, Gov. Banks intimates that, in his opinion, those who seek a dissolution of the Union are "not of women born"! With all due deference, it seems to me, rather, that he who goes for perpetuating such a Union must be made of cast iron, and may therefore be appropriately styled "the little *iron* man." I would like to have Gov. Banks, if he dare, go to South Carolina, and simply advocate the non-extension policy of the Republican party. I would like to see him go to any part of the South, and, taking the Constitution with him as his ægis, and waving the American flag over his head, openly tell the slaveholders—"I am against your slave system, root and branch, and I call upon you to cease from your horrible oppression"—and then come back and tell us of his reception, and what he thinks of "our glorious Union," and whether he considers it the duty of any to uphold it, except those who are "not of women born"!

Gentlemen, I know what the plea of the South is, and I admit its full force. They put our colored citizens into jail, they send them to the auction block, they drive them to unrequited toil as slaves on their plantations; and they make you and I outlaws, if we attempt to talk about freedom. Their excuse is the old one, "Necessity—the tyrant's plea." They say, and they say truly—"We do the best we can under the circumstances. If we should permit the free colored citizens of the North to come among our slaves, they will whisper of liberty, and incite them to insurrection. We regret that we are driven to this course; we know it is illegal and unconstitutional; but we cannot maintain our slave system without it, and self-preservation is the first law of nature." And again, with regard to the white citizens of the North who are Abolitionists, they say—"It will never do for them to come down South, and avow their anti-slavery sentiments; for if they do, they will operate upon the non-slaveholding whites, and ultimately our slaves will be taken out of our hands, and this we cannot permit." I admit the force of their plea as slaveholders; and it shows the folly and madness of attempting to form a union between elements that can never coalesce. All the trouble between the North and the South has been to this hour, and will be to the "bitter end," not because of a difference of soil and climate, but because of institutions and ideas which are utterly antagonistical; because, in one part of the land, man is man, and in the other he is reduced by another to the condition of a mere perishable piece of property. So that, when Senator Seward said, in his Rochester speech, this anti-slavery movement is no fanaticism, no ebullition of transient feeling, no party device, but grows out of the nature of things—is, because it cannot help being—is, because the nation must be either all for freedom or all for slavery, or else there will be perpetual trouble and conflict—he recognized the simplest truth in the universe. Our fathers, in framing the Constitution, were led in their blindness to undertake to do that which it is not in the power of God to consummate—for God cannot reconcile good and evil, light and darkness; and no power can put into the same union liberty and slavery, free men and slaves, without confusion and strife. We are driven to the wall, therefore, by the South, in regard to this subject. If we allow slaves to be hunted here, "why is not slavery everywhere right?" asks the South. "If you are ready to give us your aid and support and protection in holding four millions of slaves, why not allow us to have twenty millions, if we can get them? Where is your conscience—where your morality—what are your ideas of right and wrong? What is damnable in Massachusetts, morally, must be damnable in Virginia; and you must either go against slavery everywhere or admit that slavery is right everywhere." Here, I say, the South has us in the argument, and drives us to the wall, because we occupy a foolish, inconsistent and criminal position.

You will be admonished, doubtless, by those who are unscrupulous in their devotion to Southern interests, that you have taken an oath to sustain the Constitution of the United States. Well, gentlemen, what is that oath? Does it bind you to give up the fugitive slave, or to consent that he shall be hunted on Massachusetts soil with impunity? If it does, put the oath under your feet, and not carry it out, as you regard your own souls' salvation. That oath is not binding upon you for a moment. But there is an oath which harmonizes with the law of God; which is on the side of humanity and justice; and which you have taken upon your souls to see fulfilled, as pertaining to the rights of man. It is this:

ARTICLE I. All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights: among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness.

The oath lies upon your souls, to-day, gentlemen, to maintain these rights. It is an oath that you can and must carry out; an oath that the people of this State are resolved shall be carried out; and if this Legislature will not do it, another one will be chosen which will assuredly stereotype public sentiment into law.

I have referred to the plea of the South, that she is shut up to the terrible necessity of disregarding all her relations and agreements with us, in order to perpetuate her slave system. Now, I would have nothing done by way of vindictive retaliation; but I would say, as the very worst thing I would have done to the South, for the atrocious injustice she has done to us and our citizens—I would say, in the language of Whittier—

> "Have they wronged us? Let us then
> Render back our threats nor prayers;
> *Have they chained our free-born men?*
> LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!" (Applause.)

And that is what the people of Massachusetts are resolved to do.

Pass the law, then; not in anger, nor by way of retaliation—no, but that Massachusetts, in this respect, may stand at least by the side of Austria; Austria, which proclaims that the moment any slave, from any part of the world, shall touch the deck of an Austrian ship, or any part of the Austrian soil, his chains shall burst asunder, and he shall be protected against recapture or harm by the whole power of the nation. Let the old Bay State try to reach the position of Austria! If the Courts shall nullify what you may enact—it is surmised that they will, but that is to beg the question, and we ought not hastily to conclude that our judges are ravening wolves—but if they should do so, you will have done your duty. You are not responsible for the action of the Courts, and the people will settle the matter with them.

Gentlemen, I conclude by saying that all opposition to this movement will be unavailing, because it is "of heaven, not of men." It is the conscience of the people of the Commonwealth in insurrection against satanic wickedness. The anti-slavery struggle is for the freedom of man, without distinction of race or color. It is God who inspires and guides it, who bears it upward and onward; and it is impossible for Him to be overcome or vanquished. No matter who the man may be that shall try his hand against this movement, he will fail in the end. No matter what party may attempt to put it down; that party will be dashed in pieces. It is a rock; and "whosoever shall fall thereon shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

> "Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring!
> In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring;
> What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
> Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
> No! the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand,
> It rolled not back when Canute gave command!"

I conclude by asking you, gentlemen, to join with the people in crying out, in thunder tones, that all the nation may hear, in the language of our own Lowell—

> "From being slave, or making slave,
> God save the Commonwealth!" (Loud applause.)

Selections.

THE FREE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

MR. BRADFORD'S DEFENCE.

[In THE STANDARD of Jan. 8th appeared a communication signed "Cincinnatus," alleging that the Rev. Mr Bradford and others were preparing to dishonor the anti-slavery profession of the Free Presbyterian Church by uniting it with the New School body. We copy Mr. Bradford's reply from the January number of *The Free Church Portfolio*.]

We are a good deal surprised that so respectable a journal as THE STANDARD should have lent itself to the purpose of making an attack upon the characters of men known for twenty years to have been unflinching and self-sacrificing Abolitionists. The editor expresses surprise at the charges made, and seems hardly able to believe them just; yet, upon the whole, he gives them currency. Now, suppose that some moon-struck man, (1) taking it into his head that, because Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Oliver Johnson republished Seward's Rochester Speech in the journals which they conduct, with words of approbation, had gone over to the voting Republicans, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church South, thus forsaking their principles in a "lamentable apostacy," would these gentlemen think it kind and considerate in the Salem *Bugle*, for instance, to publish the charge in its columns without inquiring at headquarters for the truth of it? No matter who made the charge, whether Paul, Apollus or Cephas, courtesy would demand that no public man should be villified in such hot haste. We feel, therefore, that THE STANDARD has done *wrong*—very wrong—in opening its columns to this attack; and we have greatly overrated the character of its editor for magnanimity and a nice sense of honor if he does not make this acknowledgment.

The charge made by this anonymous assailant, as our readers will perceive, is that the votes given in the Synod, at its late meeting, for the adoption of the "Overture" to the New School Assembly, prove that those who gave them, and who constitute the real majority of Synod, have lamentably apostatized.

Now, there is but one single fault which attaches to the article of "Cincinnatus." It is a series of misrepresentations and false statements from beginning to end. We do not charge wilful, intentional falsehood upon the author; but we do charge that his assertions of fact are mere fancies and hallucinations of a heated brain. The story that, upon the rising of the New School Assembly at Cleveland, "one Bradford" wrote to the Rev. John Rankin, proposing a union with that body on the part of the Free Synod, is a sheer fabrication—so utterly untrue that it was deemed unworthy of notice. But the immediate cause which has produced this fit of St. Vitus's dance in "Cincinnatus" is the vote given by the Synod, at its late sessions in Ripley, on an "overture" to the New School Assembly, proposing to that body the adoption of our anti-slavery principles and discipline as the basis of an organic union with them. According to strict ecclesiastical etiquette, this document ought not to be published to the world until it has been laid before the N. S. General Assembly. But if such misrepresentations as that we are now rebuking continue to be made, we may, in the February or March number, publish the document in the *Portfolio*, that at least some of our people may see how unreasonable and wrong those men are who are trying to scent treason and apostacy in it. The history of the overture is briefly this:

During the meeting of the New School Synods, last autumn, the subject of union between the Free Church and the General Assembly was discussed, both in public and in private. As the slaveholding part of the New School had withdrawn under the lead of Dr. Ross, that body was, in an important sense, free from the shame and the sin of slaveholding. This was the claim put forth by the New School delegate to the Reformed Presbyterian Church on the floor of that Synod. The suggestion about union came really, though unofficially, from anti-slavery brethren in the New School, who hoped the way was open for a negotiation which would ultimate in making the two Churches one. Being much the smaller and younger body, we considered that the Free Church could afford to send up a respectful overture to the General Assembly, and propose the terms of an organic union. All who are acquainted with the origin and character of the Free Church know that, from the beginning, we regarded our organization as a necessity growing out of the wrong position of the New and Old School Presbyterian Churches on the subject of human slavery; and that, as soon as either body would change its character and position on this point, the way would be open to form a union. We are not sectarians—keeping up a sect for the sake of a sect; but we make the sect a means to a great and glorious end. Hence, the Rev. Wells Bushnell and the Rev. Stephen K. Kane met the Rev. D. Kendall, of Pittsburgh, at the house of "one Bradford," on the 14th of October last, and spent the greater part of the day in discussing the general subject of union. Our ministers, mentioned above, never dreamed, sleeping or waking, of connecting with the New School at the expense of the great principles for which we sacrificed so much. But, believing that it was our duty as a Church to do all the good we could, it was deemed wise to invite our New School brethren to go forward to reform, and take such ground as might, with the blessing of God, sooner or later, unite all the anti-slavery Presbyterians of the country into one body. The presentation of a respectful and fraternal overture on our part could possibly do no harm—it might do great good. In such views and feelings, the overture originated. It was drawn up, submitted to Synod, and adopted by that body. This is the whole history of the matter thus far. This is the mole-hill out of which "Cincinnatus" has made so great a mountain.

But who is "Cincinnatus," do you suppose, gentle reader? What is the name of the man who, abhorring the principle of *secresy*, and repudiating the *societies* based on it, can hide his own face under a mask, and strike in the dark at the reputation of the men we have named? That thing which this secret, anonymous writer has done is one great reason, among others, why the Masonic fraternity is so fearful an institution. They strike, it is said, at men's characters and lives in the dark! You feel the wound, but you don't see the face of the man who inflicts it! It has been suggested by some of our suspicious correspondents that the man under the mask is the Rev. W. Perkins, of Cincinnati. But how wicked to indulge in such suspicion! How ungenerous, to suppose that a man who has exhibited such fierceness against the sin of *secresy* would practise the sin in assailing the characters of his brethren! We *know* nothing about the authorship of this attack. But it is so unbrotherly in its character that we dare not impute it to a Free Church minister. Who among our ministers would speak so disrespectfully of John Rankin?—a man venerable in years and labor, with a fame, as a devoted Christian philanthropist, not confined to his own country. What Free Church minister could find it in his heart to speak so insultingly of brethren who for twenty-five long years have been self-sacrificing, devoted anti-slavery men, never swerving a hair's breadth from the line of duty dictated by their convictions? Surely it is not one of our own men, and he a *novus homo*, who has committed this censurable offence.

The gentleman whose name is mentioned may have the use of our pages in making the denial.

(1) The editor of THE STANDARD submits that this is hardly a fair comparison, since he had no reason to suppose that a minister of the Free Church and the man chosen by the Synod to fill a high and responsible post was either "moon-struck" or unworthy of credence. In view of the admitted defection of the Rev. Mr. Boynton, and of the great temptation on the part of a poor and feeble Church to yield something for the sake of union with a stronger body, we do not think Mr. Bradford's censure deserved.

THE CHIEF OBSTACLE TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

From The American Baptist.

OXFORD, Eng., Jan. 21st, 1859.

WHEN, in 1846, the Evangelical Alliance had been formed in London, its American members returned home exulting, declaring they had conquered the anti-slavery of England; and taking the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society as an index of British feeling on this subject, the declaration would appear founded in truth. The Committee of that Society might have breathed the breath of life into the anti-slavery frame-work of this land, but they have imparted to it the chill of death. As successors to Wilberforce, Clarkson, Cropper, and Knibb, in the work of organizing, instructing and directing the energies of England, they have occupied a position which they were not qualified to fill either by their sympathy or intelligence. Numerous cases could be adduced to show this; but if I mention three, the readers of the *American Baptist* will form some idea of the aid I have received during the last seven years, in anti-slavery labors, from a Society professedly organized to promote emancipation.

First, I may refer to the course which the Committee of the Society took in relation to the Turkish Mission Aid Society. One of the most formidable auxiliaries of the Slave Power is the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and on account of this, some of its American supporters withheld the aid they had rendered. But as this Board has missionaries in Turkey, the occasion was embraced, when England was fighting for the Turks, to appeal for aid to this country for the above missionaries. The true character of the Board was not generally known here, and the advantages of aid thus gained could be used to oppose the anti-slavery movement in America. Lord Shaftesbury, who combines with his benevolent efforts a large measure of policy, introduced the movement to the British public. The Rev. James Vincent, Agent for the American Reform Book and Tract Society, portrayed in a series of letters the pro-slavery character of the American Board. These appeared in the *Patriot*, *The Wesleyan Times*, and the *Leeds Mercury*. The editor of the *Morning Advertiser* kindly published in his journal several letters from my pen. Mr. Parker Pillsbury was then in England, and wrote to several of the periodicals on the same subject, and in the lectures we were giving the facts were made known. The New Broad Street Committee watched the contest, but did nothing. The time came for the Congregational Union to assemble, and at its meeting, in consequence of the information which had been diffused, that body nobly determined to give no sanction, even indirectly, to the American Board. The friends of the slave could then quote the decision of the Union against the noble lord; and the New Broad Street Committee seems to have concluded that the time had come for its voice to be heard on the question—and spoke out.

Secondly, I noticed the call sent out by the friends in Kendal for a meeting to be held to protest against the pro-slavery religious bodies of America. This call appeared in the *American Baptist*, and your readers have perhaps wondered what was the result. The call was signed by the mayor, by several clergymen of different denominations, and by a number of influential members of the Society of Friends in Kendal. The response to the call was so cordial and general that a committee was despatched to London to secure a place for the contemplated meeting. A sub-committee was appointed, and the secretary of the New Broad Street Committee was one of the members. The subject was quietly disposed of, and no meeting was held. I was exceedingly desirous of attending the proposed meeting and not to have an appointment on the same day, but soon saw that no such movement would be made, and to this day no announcement has, that I am aware of, been given to the public, showing why the meeting was dispensed with.

Thirdly, I noticed the visit to England of Bishop Simpson and Dr. McClintock, as delegates of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. Every advocate of emancipation knows that in the pro-slavery religious bodies the followers are more easily moved than the leaders. But as the latter are compelled to walk in the light the former possess, they may be made to move on in an anti-slavery direction. There are times, however, when these pro-slavery leaders are placed very much in the hands of an English public, so far as their popularity is concerned. They visit England as the delegates of religious bodies, and if censured as their conduct deserves, carry that censure back with them to the United States. It becomes known through the American anti-slavery press; it follows them into every hamlet they visit, and every pulpit they enter, thus diminishing their power for evil.

Now, Bishop Simpson and Dr. McClintock had for years labored to perpetuate the union of Methodism and slaveholding. In the United States they seemed to care but little for the reproof of the friends of the slave, because they could fall back on a constituency of 800,000 church-members, most of whom were ready to support them. On their arrival in England, however,

consequence of the pastor making the sin of slavery a theme for the pulpit, and preaching against it. This was distinctly avowed to him by one of the leading signers of he letter, requiring his resignation, as his only ground of dissatisfaction, and has been assumed by many as their main ground, by several positively to himself, since the signing of the first letter, and prior to the publication of the pamphlet. Yet the endeavor is now made by some to disavow this reason of dissatisfaction, and the character of the pastor is assailed. At the same time they intimate the possibility of so modifying his ministrations as to remove existing difficulties, plainly showing that the difficulties on the ground of which they have requested him to retire exist so exclusively in his ministrations that a modification would remove them. The one general complaint against him in the pamphlet is that of what is called political preaching, a preaching against the sins of the times, and especially the intrusion of the exciting theme of slavery into the ears of the members of the Church in the ordinary services of the sanctuary. The opposition of these gentlemen is against making the iniquity of slavery a theme for the pulpit, a theme commanded of God for our public religious consideration, a theme for the Church, a theme for the Sabbath, a theme for prayer, a theme for the conference-room. The pastor's views of the freedom of the pulpit, and the duties of the minister of Christ, constrain him to pour the light of God's Word upon this heaven-defying and prodigious iniquity, and to call upon the Church and the ministry to unite in fearless, earnest, impetuous warfare against it. The views of these gentlemen constrain them to forbid its introduction into the sanctuary, to muzzle the pulpit in regard to it, to censure the pastor for speaking upon it, to accuse him of meddling with the affairs of a continent instead of attending to his own sheep in the wilderness, and to demand of him that he either retire from the pulpit or modify his ministrations in this respect. And inasmuch as his course in reference to slavery injures, in their opinion, the prosperity of the Society, preventing a very desirable revenue from the pews, their views of freedom and of the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom constrain them to combine for the removal of the pastor, for which object they justify themselves in a wanton assault against his ministry, his influence, his reputation, and his usefulness. A lady has given it in evidence to the pastor that in regard to two of the signers of the letter and the pamphlet, she had received from them the assurance that the reason of their dissatisfaction and withdrawal from Dr. Cheever's Church was "that they could not and would not stand such nigger preaching." Yet this issue has been denied.

Fourth: The matters presented against the pastor in the pamphlet of these gentlemen are presented and signed as matters which they know to be fact; and their signatures are appended precisely as if they could bear witness to them as such, of their own proper knowledge. Yet it is well known that some of them signed the document, or permitted their names to be set to it, *without having read it, without knowing what it contained*, simply on the assurance that "it was all right." Thus their individual signatures appear, as personal witnesses and vouchers for the truth of statements which they had not heard, of false statements, which, if they had heard at that time, they had never heard before, and must receive and swear to in entire ignorance; of statements against the character and reputation of the pastor which could have no authority but by their signatures, and to which they would not have appended their names had they known the contents. It is difficult appropriately to characterize the baseness of such calumny. The matters contained in the pamphlet preclude, in their very nature, the possibility of all who signed it being true and real witnesses; yet to the world their names appear as a positive declaration that they know the things therein recounted against the pastor to be true. Take, for an example of the calumnies so testified, the entire and unmitigated falsehood in regard to Professor Crosby and his Bible Class. The whole paragraph is as perfectly false as it is bad been asserted that the pastor, on the 20th of June last, entered the Bank of Commerce, knocked down the cashier, and carried off five thousand dollars in gold. Yet that falsehood is signed by honorable men, Christian men, in such a manner that the world must believe, if they give credit to such testimony, that those men saw and knew this transaction of their own knowledge; otherwise, they are in the class of the most heedless and deliberate slanderers.

Almost every individual of those whose names appear beneath the document acknowledges that he knows nothing about the charges in it, except from hearsay. "Report, they say, and we will report it; let us smite him with the tongue." The wickedness of Christian men, familiar with the warnings of God's Word against taking up and circulating a reproach against their neighbor, permitting their names to appear as vouchers and indorsers to statements of which they confess that they are not witnesses, but have learned them only on hearsay, and without any other proof, is such as ought not to pass in a Christian Church without the rebuke at least of Christian discipline. God's definition of a liar is of one *that giveth heed to a naughty tongue, and lendeth his ear* to the evil reports whispered by the backbiter. These men have, by their signatures, sworn to the truth of slanders against their pastor, of which they never before heard, in regard to which they never approached the pastor, never inquired of him if they were true or false, never asked any explanation, never required any proof. It is as if, being requested, for a consideration, to put their names on the back of a forged note, they had done it, on the bare oral assurance of the holder of the note that it was all right, that the note was genuine. "Thou shalt not set thine hand as a witness in a false matter, nor go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people." These gentlemen have done all this, not from any motive of benevolence, or impulse of Christian charity or necessity for the support of a righteous cause, but on purpose to injure the reputation and influence of the person they have assailed, whose character they conceived must be blackened, or a degree of censure would fall upon themselves for plotting his removal from his pastorship, and their original object would be defeated.

These are some of the reasons why I cannot think that the Christian Church is in the way of duty in passing over such sin without discipline. On these grounds I write out my protest against giving these gentlemen letters to other Churches, without some prior acknowledgment of their own wrong-doing, and declaration of repentance. Their offence has been public, and the Church might properly have censured them without any trial. I have withdrawn the assertion of my right, privilege and determination of pressing a trial, simply because convinced that the Church could not be brought to the measures of discipline in that degree of harmony requisite for its object, and that, in a season of deep religious interest, a protracted conflict of this nature would be fatal.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

"THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES."

From The Worcester (Mass.) Spy, March 2.

THE Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, delivered an able and interesting lecture, last evening, at Mechanics' Hall, on the view of slavery presented in the Bible. His lecture was a very argumentative and logical one, in its treatment of the subject, taking the ground that the Jewish code of laws, as laid down in the Old Testament, instead of sanctioning the doctrine of property in man, teaches precisely the reverse. The years of jubilee, in particular, were alluded to in illustration of the contrast between slavery as it exists in our Southern States at this day, and the mild system of personal service, *entered into for a limited period only, by special contract between both parties*, which was practised by the Hebrews and sanctioned by the Mosaic code of laws. It was only when the Jews became degenerate, and violated these laws by resorting to a practice similar in abomination to the slavery laws of our time, that they were denounced by God, and the judgments of Heaven were visited upon them for their iniquities. The Doctor concluded by an earnest appeal to all Christians to separate themselves, politically and religiously, from those who sanction, by practice or theory, the holding of their fellow-men in slavery. He also urged the duty of Christian ministers to make use of a proper construction of the Scriptures in fulminating deserved anathemas against the institution of slavery, so contrary to both the natural and revealed law of God.

Before the introduction of Dr. Cheever to the audience, the proceedings of a "Conference of Christian Churches," held yesterday at the Mission Chapel, was read by D. Gilbert, Esq., of New York, a member. This met at ten o'clock, a. m., and organized by choosing Hon. Elmer Brigham, of Westboro', President, and Rev. J. C. Webster, of Hopkinton, Secretary. They resolved, as their basis of action, that "it is a duty, incumbent on Evangelical Christians, to organize an Evangelical Anti-Slavery Society," and a Committee of three, consisting of Rev. H. T. Cheever of Jewett City, Conn., Rev. Samuel Hunt of Franklin, and J. A. Fitch of Hopkinton, was chosen to draft a Constitution and Declaration of Principles. This Committee made a report, including a Declaration of Principles, affirming the inherent moral impossibility of a system of proper ownership in man, which they declared sinful in the highest degree, and contrary to Christianity, and asserted it to be the imperative duty of all Christian ministers to treat it as such—that Christians should hold no affiliation or association with slavery whatever, and make no compromise with it, but labor to the end for its utter extinction and extirpation from the land; and it was declared to be the primal duty of the American Churches to work specially for this glorious consummation. To assert that the Bible sanctions slavery was declared practical infidelity.

Rev. Wm. Goodell, of New York, and others addressed the Conference. The Constitution and Declaration were signed by some fifty members, clerical and lay gentlemen, from various sections of the country, including, among others, besides those already named, Rev. Wm. H. Beecher and Rev. C. Cushing, of North Brookfield; Rev. Messrs. James and Richardson, and Messrs. Ichabod Washburn, Charles Ballard, E. H. Heywood, and Samuel Palmer, of this city; Rev. Elnathan Davis and George Trask, of Fitchburg; Rev. T. E. Bliss, of Blackstone, &c.

The meeting adjourned, to assemble again this morning, at the same place, when the Constitution and Declaration will be acted upon.

From the same, March 3.

The Convention of members of Evangelical Churches, from various sections of the country, to take action in reference to slavery, reassembled at the Mission Chapel, in this city, yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock, pursuant to adjournment, the President, Hon. Elmer Brigham, of Westboro', in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Jonathan Cable, after which the Convention proceeded to a spirited discussion of the Preamble to the Constitution, several of the brethren contending that the word "inherent," as applied to the sin of slaveholding, should be stricken out. But it was voted by a large majority to retain it. The Preamble and Constitution were then adopted, as follows:

PREAMBLE.

Under profound convictions of the inherent sinfulness of slaveholding and of the great system of American slavery that has grown out of slaveholding—deeply mortified and grieved by its continued toleration and defence in the Church—fearful of the impending judgments of the Almighty upon our beloved country on account of it—and believing it is in the power of the people of God, under Divine guidance, to accomplish its overthrow—we, a company of ministers and Christians, of one mind and heart, as in duty bound, by our common allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ, do solemnly pledge ourselves to one another and before God, to REMEMBER THOSE THAT ARE IN BONDS AS BOUND WITH THEM, and to do all that we can for the utter destruction of that atrocious system of chattel slavery which is maintained in the United States; and, as a means to that end, we hereby form ourselves into a Society, to be called *The Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States*, to be governed by the following Constitution, and to maintain this Declaration of Principles:

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

1. The rights of man as man sacred and inalienable, without distinction of blood or races.

2. Property in man impossible, as being without grant from the Creator, and equally contrary to natural justice and to revealed religion.

3. The system of American slavery and the practice of slaveholding essentially sinful and anti-Christian, and to be dealt with, therefore, as such, by Christian Churches and ministers.

4. The utter inadequacy and impossibility of any remedy or relief from slavery, but one that insists upon the inherent wrongfulness, its total intrinsic baseness, and denies absolutely the wild and guilty phantasy that man can have property in man!

5. The duty of one family or section of the Christian Church to rebuke and refuse fellowship to another section of the visible Church, that denies the rights of man and the common brotherhood of humanity, by defending slavery and holding to its bosom slave-sellers, slave-buyers and slaveholders.

6. No compromise with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be demanded at once, in the name of God, who has commanded "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."

7. The total abolition of the vast system of American slavery, to be accepted as the providential Mission and Duty of the American Clergy and the American Churches in this generation.

8. The Church and the Ministry to form the conscience of the nation in respect to slavery, and to make it loyal to the Higher Law, against all unjust judgments of Courts, and unrighteous legislation of Congress.

9. The Word of God our charter to freedom and our armory against slavery, and any assertion that the Lord God sanctions slavery practical infidelity.

10. Ultimate success sure, in the warfare with oppression, to a faithful Ministry and witnessing Church.

CONSTITUTION.

The object of this Association being to unite all Christians on the basis of the Word of God against slavery, and to concentrate the energies of the Christian Ministry and of Christian Churches upon the extinction of that great sin, the conditions of membership shall be the adoption of its pledge and principles, and the payment of an annual contribution for its support. And members of local Societies formed on these principles shall be members in full of this Society.

Art. 2. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, an Auditor, and an Executive Committee of five, to be chosen annually by ballot.

Art. 3. The duties of the officers and committee shall be to provide for all the public meetings, at such times and places as they see fit, in order to advocate the principles of the Society, to mould public opinion, to induce action by the Churches with reference to slavery, and to inculcate the duties of civil government, of civil rulers, and of citizens, in respect to its overthrow.

Art. 4. Besides local and extraordinary meetings, which may be called at the discretion of the officers and the committee, there shall be at least one public meeting annually, during the religious anniversary week, in the cities of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, for the free expression of the anti-slavery principles and sentiments of Christian Churches, as declared by the society.

Art. 5. The expenses incurred by the officers of the Society, in the prosecution of their duties, by the maintenance of public meetings, lectures and the use of the press, shall be met by the resources derived from the annual contributions of members, and by such donations as benevolent individuals and Churches shall bestow for the use of the Society.

Art. 6. This Constitution may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any meeting, notice of said amendment having been given at the previous meeting.

The afternoon session was held at the vestry of the Union Church, when the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, in view of honest differences of opinion among the anti-slavery Christians in regard to the Bible view of slavery, their relation to slaveholding Churches, and those ecclesiastical bodies and denominations which refuse or tolerate such, as also their duties to the civil government, That the Executive Committee be instructed to diffuse such information and discussion, through the periodical press, and by means of tracts, as in their judgment shall seem desirable; and that they also confer with the American Tract Society at Boston in relation to the publication of such tracts as may be procured for these purposes.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to call the attention of the various local associations, of the different evangelical denominations, in sympathy with this movement, to the objects of this Society, with the request that they should recommend to the Ministers and Churches in their connection to form local Societies in accordance with the plan recommended in the Constitution now adopted.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee, as soon as they are justified by the state of the Treasury, be requested to employ public lecturers, to explain and defend the principles of the Society, and promote the general purpose for which it has been formed.

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Convention, the charge so often made by pro-slavery men, that slavery exists by Divine authority, in the Word of God, is without a shred or shadow of foundation, and hence an impious slander on the holy name of God.

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Convention, the system of domestic service instituted by God for his chosen people was a wise and just institution, and was intended as a safeguard against chattel slavery.

Another series of resolutions, of great length, covering the same ground, was also offered and adopted.

A committee, previously chosen for the purpose, reported the following list of officers of the Society:

President—Rev. J. C. Webster, of Hopkinton.
Vice-President—Rev. Wm H. Beecher, of North Brookfield.
Secretary—Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of Jewett City, Conn.
Treasurer—Dea. Ichabod Washburn, of Worcester.
Executive Committee—Hon. Elmer Brigham, of Westboro'; Rev. Samuel Hunt, of Franklin; Deacon Ichabod Washburn, Charles Ballard, and Rev. Chester Field, of Worcester.

After prayer by Rev. Mansfield French, of New York, the Convention adjourned, *sine die*.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

WITH the increase in general estimation of the importance of the great enterprise to which our lives have been devoted grows a new responsibility—that of making known, on both sides of the sea, whatever in relation to it may concern the two great nations that speak the English language.

To do this effectually requires the trained power of thought and observation, the political intuition and accomplishment, the historic faculty and knowledge which it is the standing difficulty on either side of the Atlantic to combine, and the common despair to find united. The great anti-slavery enterprise of this century demands, in addition, a universal and impartial sympathy, and a proved power to forego all things else for the opportunity of usefulness to the world.

The ability to offer such an opportunity has enabled the Executive Committee of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY to obtain such co-operation.

With the arrival of each English steamer at New York (beginning at an early day), we shall publish a communication from HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Timely notice is given, that no reader may lose the first of a series beginning at a moment so critical in the international connections of French, Austrian, Russian, Italian, English, Spanish and American affairs.

LETTER TO CHIEF-JUSTICE WILLIAMS.

To the Hon. THOMAS S. WILLIAMS, LL. D., late Chief Justice of Connecticut, and late President of the American Tract Society.

SIR: I find in *The New York Observer*, of the 20th ult., your speech delivered on the 9th ult. at the annual meeting of the Hartford Tract Society, auxiliary to the American Tract Society. The subject of this speech is of such vital interest to the Church and the world, and the matter of it is so noteworthy and important, that I need no apology for publicly addressing you in regard to it.

You undertake to defend that position of the American Tract Society, on the subject of slavery, which has been so widely and so zealously debated for a few years past, and in the course of this defence you make the following incidental admissions, showing entire willingness, both on the part of the Society and its defender, that slavery should have an indefinite and unmolested continuance.

You tell us that "after the annual meeting of [1857], the Committee were about to publish a tract on the Duties of Masters," and proceed to say that they refrained from publishing it only in consequence of remonstrances from the South. You admit that the Committee were about to publish this tract, thus showing their approval of it, and their willingness to circulate it. We know, from other sources, that it had not only been approved and accepted by the Committee, but that it had already been stereotyped and printed, and that, at the time of the annual meeting in 1857, it was stitched and ready for binding at the Tract House; and when, from one of those very copies, another edition was printed by another hand for the use of the public, it plainly appeared that this publication was in favor of slavery; that the principal portions of it were written by slaveholders, and addressed to slaveholders, designing to continue such: that one prominent object of them was to advise the masters to persuade the slaves that God had authorized their subjugation and its indefinite continuance; and that they had been found so well suited to this purpose that slaveholders had printed and reprinted them for general circulation in Virginia, Kentucky and South Carolina.

The defence of slavery in this tract is so very unequivocal and thorough-going that I must recall to your recollection some of its sentiments and expressions.

It is made very plain for what sort of masters, and respecting what sort of servants, this tract is written. They are—"the master who holds the servant in involuntary bondage" (p. 39), and the servant who "lacks that greatest natural stimulus to exertion, the knowledge that he will himself enjoy the fruit of his labors" (p. 40).

It is assumed that the slaveholders actually own the slaves (pp. 16, 17, 26, 35, 42, 44, &c., &c., &c.).

It is assumed that that ownership is by God's appointment and approval (pp. 45, 53, 59, 67, &c., &c.).

It is assumed that the claim and exercise of ownership by slaveholders over slaves is perfectly consistent with a Christian character in the former, and with the exercise of justice and Christian love toward the latter (pp. 15, 21, 26, 30, 31, 42, &c., &c.).

It is assumed that when a master has given his slaves food, clothing and shelter, and also a certain amount of oral religious instruction, he has obeyed the injunction of Paul—"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal" (p. 15).

It is assumed that the slaveholders have a right (and that right given by God) not only to all the powers and faculties of the slaves, but to all their time, Sundays and week-days, day and night, and even to say not only when and where they shall meet, but "whether they shall meet at all for the worship of God" (p. 16); not only to say whether they may read the Bible for themselves, but whether they may "hear it from others" (ib.).

Finally, it is assumed (by way of hint to the retailer of oral religious instruction to slaves, not to mistake as to the quantity or quality of their spiritual provender) that a collection of the passages of Scripture which enjoin upon servants obedience to masters "is the portion of spiritual food which God has designed for those who are in bondage" (p. 21).

Your willing acquiescence in the unmolested and indefinite continuance of slavery is shown not only by your mention of the above tract as, in your view, entirely unobjectionable, but by other statements, which clearly show your influence and your vote to be given for the masters, and against the slaves. For instance, you say:

"It is almost impossible to discuss the moral evils of slavery without becoming involved in the discussion of the evils of the system of slavery itself." And again—

"Had the Committee entered upon it, where should they stop? If they began to instruct masters in the duty they owed to their slaves, a call would have been made for the instruction of slaves in the duty they owed to their masters! What should they say to them?"

It is very plain what the publishers of religious tracts ought to say to servants in relation to their duty to their masters, namely—to enjoin them honestly to fulfil their contract. As long as the master pays the wages which they agreed to receive, so long they are bound in honesty faithfully to discharge the service which they promised in exchange for those wages. Where there is no contract—where the man or woman who is claimed as a servant has never promised any service—it is no longer a case of master and servant, but of robber and robbed, oppressor and oppressed.

But it is this very case of which you, Judge Williams, are speaking. The master for whom, throughout this speech, you have been acting as advocate, is a robber, and one of the worst sort; a strong man, who compels a weak one permanently to labor for him, without a contract and without wages; in fact, with only provender enough to keep him in working order. Your whole speech is an attempt to defend the Tract Society for its systematic refusal to state in its tracts the claims of right, justice, humanity and religion in regard to the relation of these two parties; and this, avowedly, lest the robbers, some of whom are officers in your Society, invited speakers at its meetings, and contributors to its funds, should take umbrage!

The reason why you side with the "tract management" and with the slaveholders in this controversy are noteworthy and instructive. You say—

"They had seen Churches broken up, ministers dismissed, ecclesiastical societies divided, and the pillars of the Union shaken, in the controversy which had arisen. If, under such circumstances, the Publishing Committee declined to engage in the conflict which existed on this interesting subject, I cannot condemn them."

That is to say, in your judgment—if robbery can be stopped only by interference with those Churches, ministers, ecclesiastical societies, and political associations which are licensing and protecting it, it had better be allowed unmolested and indefinite continuance!

Even apart from the interests of the robbed in the decision of this question—looking only at the pre-eminent importance of justice in the State and of purity in the Church (though it seems ludicrous to speak of purity in connection with such Churches!)—one would think that your decision should be reversed, and that, for their own sakes, both Churches and States should hasten to purge themselves from the shameful and corrupting partnership with slaveholders in which they are now contented to remain.

I proceed to notice some of your false assumptions in regard to slavery.

You represent that "good men," "the people of God," "the family of the Redeemer," are divided on the point of slavery, and that many of them favor it! You represent that the questions whether a man shall own his own body and limbs, decide the direction and receive the profits of his own labor, enjoy the society of his wife and direct the education of his children, are "minor topics"; that the disregard of them is fitly paralleled by the omission of "the tenth pin of the tabernacle"—the substitution of "a small *a* for a capital "A"—the "leaving off a word from a title-page"; and that the preaching of "the fundamental truths of the Cross" may be complete without any rebuke of the oppressor or any plea for the oppressed!

Upon all these points I take issue with you. I affirm that justice and humanity, instead of being "minor topics," are matters essential in the right establishment of a Church and of a State; that the deliberate license of injustice and inhumanity practised by our Churches and States in their allowance of slavery, instead of standing among "minor topics," is a vice of the most atrocious character; and that your expressions, above quoted, are gross libels upon Christianity—upon God, who founded it—upon Jesus, who preached it—and upon those people the conformity of whose hearts and lives to it entitle them to be called "the people of God and the family of the Redeemer."

It is a significant fact that the "pious foreign layman, Col. Tronchin"—upon whom you bolster yourself in the classification of Liberty and Slavery among "minor topics"—also advises, and that you praise him for advising, "not to allow any mingling whatever of politics and the Gospel!" The frightful depravation of our politics in this country, as the direct result of the neglect of our clergy to teach the bearings of religion upon it, is the best comment upon such anti-Christian counsel.

I pass next to some specimens of your understatement or reservation of truth.

You spoke of the American Tract Society as "carrying light and life into dark and benighted regions," and you quote a pro-slavery Baptist minister, the Rev. Baron Stow of Boston, as saying—"Over all lands this Society has poured, by the press, millions of streams of light and love."

It is by no means strange that Baron Stow should throw his influence to sustain the allies of slavery, since only while that sin is tolerated in the Churches in general can he hope to retain the infamous provision which is printed in the pew-deeds of his own Church in Boston, that they shall not be sold except to a "respectable white person." I need take no pains to controvert the statement of one who, pretending to be a public minister, publicly takes the position that he will call none but respectable white sinners to repentance. The "mark of the beast" is set too plainly in his forehead.

To return to your own statement, which I affirm to be a partial and imperfect one, deceptive by its reservation of important truth, my answer to it is this:

Granting that, upon some subjects, and to some places, the Tract Society has carried light and truth—I affirm that to many places, upon this momentous subject of slavery, it has carried delusion, error and poison. It has done this in a three-fold manner.

1. By the studied and uniform silence which it has preserved in regard to condemnation of slavery in its tracts and books, though it professes to labor in the "interest of vital godliness and sound morality," and though it operates in regions where slaveholding is one of the most prominent, popular and corrupting sins. This silence, I say, is a designed and efficient general complicity with this sin.

2. By a particular complicity with this sin, by the removal of passages condemning it from books and tracts which condemned other sins of the same class; whereby it was made to seem that the writers of those books and tracts did not regard slaveholding as sin. It is true that the mutilation of more publications in this way is now forbidden, but the books previously mutilated are still in circulation, constantly renewed from the old stereotype plates, for sale at the depositories, and distributed by the colporteurs.

3. By the incidental mention of slavery as a perfectly innocent and proper relation, and such a speaking of other duties of masters and other sins of masters in that connection as plainly to imply that emancipation is not a duty, and that slaveholding is not a sin. As a specimen of these, I quote the following, from page 18 of tract No. 177, entitled "The Institution and Observance of the Sabbath," which is for sale at the depositories both of the National Society at New York and its auxiliary in Boston:

"In the Southern and South-Western States there are thousands who possess slaves and their children, who are both ignorant and wicked. The master is careful to teach them how to work, and see that they do their work faithfully. Should he not take some care to instruct them in the will and service of God? They make a part of his household; they stand 'within his gates,' and he daily receives the labor of their hands. Standing in this relation to them, an imperious and awfully responsible duty devolves upon him, from which he cannot exonerate himself while he holds them. Do not say with Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' By misfortune or choice you are become so literally, and you are so too in spiritual matters; so that if those within your gates, through your neglect, perish in their sin and ignorance, their blood will be required at your hands."

Another instance in your speech of deceptive reservation of truth is the following. You speak of the protesting minority being "aggrieved that the Society took no active part" in the cause of Freedom:

Certainly this was one of the grounds of complaint. But another, of at least equal magnitude, was the fact that, in the three ways above mentioned, the Society took a passive position (which yet was a very efficient position) on the wrong side—letting the dead weight of its ponderous respectability, its "eminent gravity," rest in opposition to all the movements of reform upon that track; and that, after the annual meeting of 1856, by means of numerous circulars, bulletins, handbills, letters and newspaper articles, the government of the Society also took an active position on the wrong side, informally publishing an immense number of pretended reasons why they should not formally publish in regard to slavery.

Again concealing an important portion of the truth, you say that "some of the executive officers, in hopes of peace, consented to the appointment of a Committee to investigate the affairs of the Society and report." This seems to imply that the appointment and the selection of this Committee were entirely the work of the remonstrants. In the annual report, however, for 1856, I find this materially different account of the transaction referred to.

On motion of the Rev. Dr. William Adams, of New York, a member of the Executive Committee, supported by Mr. O. E. Wood, also a member of that Committee, it was

"Resolved, That, at the suggestion of the Executive Committee themselves, a Special Committee of Fifteen be appointed to inquire into and review the proceedings of the Executive Committee and report to the next annual meeting, or to a duly convened special meeting to be called by said Committee at their discretion."

The next paragraph gives us the names of fifteen gentlemen who "were appointed by the President to constitute the Committee"! This President was the Hon. Thomas S. Williams, the very person who, in the speech before us, thoroughly defends the pro-slavery attitude and policy of the Tract Society. Had the remonstrants nominated this Committee, would a large majority of them have been persons favoring the whole past policy of the Society? Would they have inserted in the report those clauses upon which the Executive Committee have ever since stood, as justifying a continuance of their old policy? And would they, when the whole country was anxious to hear and act upon their report, have used their "discretion" to postpone it to the annual meeting, instead of calling a special session?

The last instance which I shall mention of your understatement or reservation of truth is the answer which you represent to be given by those who, protesting against slavery at the North, are asked why they do not go to the South. You ask—"Will they go?"—and you reply—"No! They tell us they should be in danger of losing their heads."

Now, it is true that they would be thus endangered! It is also true that they have said so, and that this answer is one element of a full statement of their case! But it is equally true—and you know it, if you have heard the speeches or read the writings of the men whose answer you pretend to report—that this is not their first answer, nor the chiefly preponderant consideration they allege for laboring at the North instead of going to the South. You well know that they affirm their anti-slavery labors to be needed at the North as much as at the South; and you well know the truth of the grounds of that affirmation, namely—that you, and the great majority of the members of the Tract Society, and the great majority of the clergymen and church members of every denomination, and the whole mass of the Democratic party, with a very large proportion of all the other politicians, are as much opposed to any interference with slavery as the slaveholders themselves; and that conversion to anti-slavery cannot reasonably be expected at the South before it has taken place at the North.

Meanwhile, it is instructive to note your tacit concession of the truth of so much of the answer of the anti-slavery people as you have undertaken to report—that your friends at the South, the supporters of the Tract Society there, would cut off the heads of Abolitionists if they had them in their power; and to mark this corroboration of the threat made at the last annual meeting of the Tract Society, by the Rev. H. M. Dennison, Rector of an Episcopal Church in Charleston, South Carolina. These are his words, as quoted in *The Independent*, in relation to the circulation at the South of a tract which represented slaveholding as sin:

"He would say that the emissaries who brought it would have done so at the risk of their necks. Self-preservation demanded of them, whether Christians or not, when a man presented himself at their doors with such a missile as that, to send him away; and if he would not go by request, he should go by violence.

"A Voice—It is a free country, is it not, Mr. Dennison?

"Mr. D.—We would show him very soon whether it is free down there!"

I must next notice some instances of your positive misstatements or reversal of truth:

Speaking of the complaints against the Tract Society, you say—

"If objections were made, it was *not on account of what they did*, but on account of what they did not do."

So absolutely and directly false is the italicised portion of the above statement that one of the earliest and most strongly urged complaints against the Society was its mutilation of religious books and tracts; an expunging and suppressing, by its Publishing Committee, of what pious men and women had written against slavery. Even supposing it possible that you had not seen the published letter of Judge Jay to that very Committee of Fifteen which you selected and appointed—and the published "Unanimous Remonstrance of the Fourth Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., against the policy of the American Tract Society on the subject of slavery"—you necessarily knew that the report of the Committee of Fifteen, unanimously adopted by the Society in 1857, contained a resolution expressly prohibiting further mutilations.

Another positive thing done by the Tract Society, and frequently complained of, is the occasional incidental mention of slavery in their tracts as an indifferent thing, thus implying its propriety and innocence while they were actively condemning practices venial in comparison. Instances of this are found in the tract "Sambo and Toney," and in the tract on the Sabbath from which I have made a quotation above.

Another charge of positive evil-doing against the Tract Society is alleged, and proved, deliberate and oft-repeated falsehood on the part of the Executive Committee, in their official documents, in regard to the constitutional basis of the Society's operations.

That constitutional basis says, in its first Article, that the tracts circulated by the Society must be "calculated to receive the appropriation of all Evangelical Christians."

The Executive Committee have many times affirmed the obvious untruth that this clause imposes the yet further restriction on the tracts issued, "that they be such only as Evangelical Christians throughout our country do in fact unite in approving." This statement may be found on page 193 of the Annual Report for 1856. In the same document, page 197, is the following repetition of the same idea:

"To this line of distinction the Publishing Committee may go, but no further. It is not for them to decide what Evangelical Christians ought to agree on, in controverted points, but what they are agreed in."

To these directly false statements are affixed, page 200, the signatures of the whole Government of the Society, twenty-one persons, from Thomas S. Williams, President, down to R. S. Cook, Corresponding Secretary; and you individually repeat the same untruth in the very speech I am now reviewing, saying of the Society, "Its issues must be such as will meet the approbation of all Evangelical Christians."

Moreover, in the document immediately following this, p. 202 of the same Annual Report, are the following question and answer, signed by John Knox, then one of the Publishing Committee, and Wm. A. Hallock, one of the Corresponding Secretaries:

"But has not the Society published, on intemperance and other evils, what many Evangelical Christians do not approve?

"It has not, so far as we know."

The audacity of this falsehood, considering that the Society's tracts have pointedly condemned the use of wine and tobacco, the practice of dancing, even in the domestic circle, the reading of novels, and the using of any part of Sunday for walks of recreation, or for reading or writing on subjects not technically religious—in regard to the propriety of every one of which evangelical Christians undoubtedly differ, both in theory and practice—is nothing less than amazing.

I proceed to quote one other of your misstatements or reversals of truth in the speech now under consideration. You say, near its close, "The real question involved was, shall we now recall our colporteurs, and cease to distribute tracts at the South?"

You know perfectly well, Judge Williams, that this was not the real question involved. You know perfectly well that nobody had asked the Tract Society, and that no necessity would have been laid upon them, even had they published "the suppressed tract," and "the rejected tract" also, to recall a single colporteur from any part of their field, or cease to distribute their tracts. The only question was, whether so many of the tracts would have been accepted and read, as previously. My individual opinion is that many more than before would have been called for, and that the curiosity which was felt all over the country to see what the Tract Society would do in regard to slavery would have caused an unprecedented demand for their issues upon this subject. But, supposing some had refused to receive them, what then? People at the North have refused the Society's tracts every week since its existence. Why should a few hundreds or thousands of refusals at the South alarm the Society? Above all, why should a false issue be raised, and a pretence manufactured that any recall of colporteurs is involved?

The last quotation I shall make is one in which you have attempted to mislead your hearers, caricature the Abolitionists, and evade the true issue by means of gross and transparent sophistry:

"But, as slavery was odious in the North, those who were designated as Abolitionists set up a cry against the Society, because they had not made slavery the subject of their publication in one or more tracts, as if the Society countenanced Popery because they had not published against the immaculate conception."

I quote this passage rather to show the unscrupulousness of the attack than because anything needs to be said in defense. Those who know that the Tract Society has published more than a dozen tracts against Popery, some of them attacking the system as a whole, and others treating of individual vicious characteristics of it (every one of them more important than the recently-manufactured dogma of the immaculate conception)—and all this in a country where Popery is subordinate and despised, and Anti-Popery popular and predominant—will see small resemblance (rather will see not the slightest beginning of resemblance) between the two parts of your parallel; between the having chanced not yet to select for particular animadversion one minute, fractional part of a system which they had always held up to condemnation, both in its totality and in all its more essential parts—and the utter refusal, in spite of long and urgent petition and remonstrance, to say one word against either the root or the branches of the upas of our country; the great, popular, powerful, increasing, soul-and-body-destroying sin which has infected our Church, our State, our education, our literature, our commerce, our manufactures, and our social life, and made us the scorn and the byword of that European civilization which we might else have led, ere now, into the promised land of civil and religious liberty.

I come, finally, to your assumption that the Tract Society, at most, erred only in omission.

You ask, with an aspect of confidence in the integrity of your client, such as Mr. Choate might display in the defence of a rich or popular malefactor:

"Who says our positive preaching of doctrine is false? What charges are made of vicious practices or vicious principles?"

These are fair and reasonable questions. It is quite time they should be answered. It is quite time the public should know that the reservation of truth, evasion, misrepresentation, sophistry and falsehood so freely used by the functionaries of the Tract Society in regard to Slavery are not *new* features of their policy; but that they have been long practised, and in regard to various subjects. I therefore answer your questions as follows:

I charge the Tract Society with a positive preaching of false doctrine, and a support of that doctrine by misquotation and misinterpretation of the Bible, and also by misrepresentation, sophistry and falsehood.

This may be proved against the Society in regard to several subjects. But, not wishing to leave this matter in the vagueness of a merely general accusation, I proceed to specify.

I charge the Tract Society with teaching a false doctrine in regard to the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week—a doctrine contrary to the teaching of the Bible, contrary to the example of Jesus, contrary to the writings of Paul—and I charge them with the use of misrepresentation, falsehood, and gross perversion of Scripture, in their defence of that doctrine. I charge that all their tracts on the subject of the Sabbath are contrary to the Bible doctrine on that subject; and I hold myself in readiness to show, in any "religious" paper which you may designate, the truth of all the above charges *in regard to the particular tract, No. 352, entitled "The Sabbath," whenever you shall demand this proof.*

Before closing this long review of your speech, Judge Williams, I must acknowledge one merit in it, which stands in favorable contrast with the speeches and writings of some of your coadjutors. You have not made the hypocritical pretence of wishing, in the slightest degree, either to advance the welfare of the slaves or to check the tyranny of the slaveholders.

I wait for your answer to my proposition. Meantime, I am your friend and servant for the truth,

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
No. 233 Shawmut avenue.

Boston, Feb. 18, 1859.

GEORGE THOMPSON.—The letter from this eloquent but now disabled champion of freedom, which we have copied on the fourth page, will stir the hearts of all who remember his past valuable services to the cause. It will be seen that he has had a long and distressing illness, from which he is slowly recovering; and that, in consequence of it, his pecuniary resources for the support of his family have been entirely cut off. In view of this fact, Mr. Garrison makes in his behalf this appeal, which we earnestly commend to our readers:

"Shall one so deserving, so eloquent in the cause of freedom, so true to principle—who did so much to strike the fetters from the limbs of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West Indies, and to electrify this country in the memorable days of 1834–5, in behalf of three millions of slaves on American soil—be allowed to suffer in this respect? It is desirable, therefore, that a liberal pecuniary testimonial should be sent to Mr. Thompson, from this country, as a token of the regard in which he is held, and of the sympathy which is felt for him and his family in his present adverse situation. Whoever, on reading the letter, may feel desirous of contributing (to however small an extent) to this object—a subscription having been already favorably started—are requested to send their donations either to ROBERT F. WALLCUT, 21 Cornhill, or to FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., 27 Hollis street, who has kindly consented to act as Treasurer, and to forward the amount to Mr. T. with as little delay as possible."

The editor of THE STANDARD will take charge of any donations that may be entrusted to his care.

MISS REMOND IN LIVERPOOL.—*Extract of a let

are, in Mr. Bradford's own history of the matter, almost admitted. His general denial of them is indeed astounding, and cannot be allowed to pass without more serious investigation than may be desirable on his part. These statements are—

1. That the overture entirely ignores the subject of secret societies and the stand of the Free Church against them.

2. That it congratulates the New School Assembly upon its declaration that there is no slaveholding Presbytery in its connection.

3. That all nominal slaveholding is not sin.

4. It argues the responsibility of each member for the open sins of his brethren throughout the whole Church.

5. And finally proposes an organic union, not on the Free Church, but on the New School Church, ground, with the single addition of a wall to keep slaveholders *hereafter out*. By recurring to my article, these will be found to be the facts expressed and implied. They were written altogether from memory. But that memory cannot be much at fault in a matter so gravely important, and which I discussed in Synod. These statements are here repeated with the full responsibility of my full name; and unless Mr. Bradford retracts his false and shameful denial of them, it will be my duty to repeat them in a yet more solemn form before his Presbytery. Let him publish the entire overture in his possession; and if every one of my statements is not sustained, they will be humbly and honorably retracted.

Mr. Bradford's silly and unmanly come-off, by gasconading over his veteran services as a brickbatted anti-slavery man for twenty years, can deceive no honest man of good sense. The question is not as to his past, but his present, position. The Gospel tries and condemns his sham pretence. "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them I never knew you," etc. "Remember Lot's wife." If past deeds are to rectify the present, then there is no such thing as apostacy or even backsliding in any matter. But God will judge.

W. PERKINS.

THE CONVENTION AT LONGWOOD.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

I MEANT, immediately on the adjournment of the Anti-Slavery Convention held at Longwood, Pa., on the 12th and 13th of last month, to send a word to THE STANDARD to thank the Executive Committee for their kind response to the Progressive Friends, who, in their Monthly Meeting capacity, deputed a committee to extend an invitation for such a Convention to be held on what sectarians call "the Sabbath-day"—*especially on that day*, as we believe the Church has sacrilegiously *separated* what God hath *joined*, viz.: religion and works of humanity. Pressing engagements away from home prevented the fulfilment of my intention. I wanted to express my gratification in view of the delightful spirit which prevailed both among speakers and hearers. Thou knowest that in all large assemblages we are constantly liable to be bored by people who have nothing to say and *will say it*. Longwood is not an exception to the rule, but it did seem to me that our beloved friends, Lucretia Mott and J. M. McKim, were peculiarly skilful in the "form of sound words," and, what was still better, in the exercise of an earnest and beautiful spirit of love. Their remarks were well calculated to make us all feel how great is the privilege of enrolling our names and influence with the friends of liberty and of the bleeding slave. I feel more and more sympathy with the workers, who say, while they "trust for victory in God," "slavery shall be overthrown." I sometimes fear those who speak to the masses are not careful enough to show up the peculiar wickedness of this God-defying institution, as seen in the fact that it annihilates man *as* man and herds him with brutes and things. Our beloved Garrison is always "clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners" on this subject. A large class of young people are now on the stage of action, who were "babes and sucklings" when this mighty reform was inaugurated. These need to learn the first principles, and then to grow strong in their might.

It is true, slavery is something we can't describe. I remember the venerable Dyer Burgess, of Ohio, was once asked to discuss slavery "*in all its parts*"!! The old patriarch sprung to his feet quick as lightning, vehemently exclaiming, in his peculiarly eccentric way, "Why, sir, if the angel Gabriel was to come down from heaven, he could not discuss the subject of slavery in all its parts in a *thousand years!*" The speech overwhelmed his opponent and carried the audience by acclamation. The other day, in a religious discourse, delivered in a place which I had never visited before, I felt the utter poverty of language to portray the diabolical system, and I used this figure: A painter might as well try to commit to the canvas a vivid idea of the internal fires of Vesuvius, or a Signor Blitz, with pen-knife and a pile of shingles, attempt to get up machinery to imitate an earthquake! The awfulness of slavery cannot be uttered. It is a giant horror, that must be experienced to be known; and there is not a human being, in the exercise of his natural faculties, but would shrink with terror from being its victim. What a burning shame it is, that even professing Christians apologize for it, and scourge with ecclesiastical whips the faithful ministers who declare, as far as they see (for we only see in part), the whole counsel of God. I pray we may be more earnest, and never cease to toil, until liberty is proclaimed throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.

Very fraternally, JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., 3d mo. 6, 1850.

LEGAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON Wednesday night about three hundred colored ladies and gentlemen, members and friends of the New York Legal Rights Association, met at the Spring Street Hall to hold their Fourth Anniversary in commemoration of the decision made by Judge Rockwell, in the Supreme Court, with reference to the right of colored persons to ride in the regular City conveyances.

Mr. John Hunter was called to the chair, and briefly explained the object of the meeting.

Rev. H. H. Garnet made an interesting address, showing the progress which had been made in procuring the rights of the colored people during the last 30 years. He said that all the railroads running from the city permitted persons of color to ride without any distinction. The Fourth Avenue Railroad Company had, until the present year, permitted colored people to ride in their cars, but a party of colored young men had been on one of those cars on New Year's day, one of whom was taken sick, since which time the Company have prohibited all persons of color riding on their cars. This, he contended, was unfair, inasmuch as, if a thousand white men had been sick in the cars, that would never have been made an objection to white people riding. He concluded with an eloquent eulogium upon the memory of Thomas L. Jennings, a colored gentleman who has been well known for many years as an earnest defender of the rights of his race, and a good citizen.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by Rev. H. M. Wilson, Mr. Johnson (blind), and Mr. Porter, who made a general statement of the present aspects of the subject in this city. He said that on the Second, Third and Eighth avenues the Railroad Companies made no distinction in the regular conveyance of passengers. On the Sixth Avenue Railroad six cars are still in operation on which colored people may ride with white people. The Fifth Avenue line of stages is the only one in the city which allows colored people to ride with them. In Brooklyn all the railroads carry colored passengers. Ever since the beginning of the present year the Fourth Avenue Railroad has fallen back upon their old system of prohibiting colored persons riding. Five years ago the battle for the rights of the colored people to use these regular city conveyances was commenced by the females; they ad now a good working association, with four hundred members, and had held four anniversaries, which had been well attended.

The whole party then promenaded the hall, singing as they proceeded to and fro, after which they sat down to a tasteful and well-spread table, the respective elements of which were appreciatively discussed. It was late when they met, and early when they dispersed.

"AN ECCLESIASTICAL OUTLAW."—The Richmond (Va.) *Central Presbyterian* (Old School), a staunch defender of slavery and of the traffic in slaves, exultingly proclaims that Dr. Cheever has incurred the opposition of the editors of *The Independent*—that he "stands alone in his glory," "in the attitude of an ecclesiastical outlaw." The champions of bondage are naturally pleased with such a proof of the weakness of abolitionism in the Northern Church; but they should remember that this is a war in which "one shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight."

POLITICS.

Senator Douglas, after listening to Eli Thayer's speech in the House in defence of Squatter Sovereignty, said, "Come, Thayer, we have shoved Jeff. Davis off from our platform—hadn't you better get on?"

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* writes:

"The extraordinary demands of the Southern Senators upon the Northern Democracy and upon Congress, as presented by Mr. Brown, in the recent debate [upon squatter sovereignty], were probably intended merely to expel Mr. Douglas from the ranks of the party. The President so understands it, and so does Senator Bigler. The President spoke of the matter yesterday with great exultation, congratulating himself upon the final expulsion of Douglas from the Democratic ranks. The feeling is, on their part, that they have got rid of a troublesome competitor for the Charleston nomination. By the way, Mr. Douglas has, within a few days, solemnly declared that he will not consent to be a candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency at the coming election. He is confident, as his friends say, that the opposition must triumph in the next election."

The sham (Douglas) Democrats in the Illinois Legislature, in order to perpetuate the rule of their party, passed an infamously unfair apportionment law, a complete "gerrymander," giving to a minority of the population a majority of representatives in the Legislature. Their purpose was to elect a Democratic Senator to succeed Mr. Trumbull. The Legislature having power to pass a vetoed bill by a simple majority vote, there seemed little chance for defeating the measure by the action of the Governor. But a plan was adopted by the Republicans that finally proved successful. The Governor having the constitutional right to keep the bill ten days, he did not return it till the very day fixed for the final adjournment; when the Republican members absented themselves in such numbers that the House, being without a quorum, could not take a vote. The Democrats, understanding the plan of the Republicans, delayed action on various important bills in order to constrain the attendance of the latter, but this motive was not as potent as they expected.

The annual election in Rhode Island takes place on the first of April. The opposition to the Democratic party is not well united, but the result will no doubt be, substantially, a Republican victory. In the Eastern Congressional District there is a division between the Republicans proper and the *American* Republicans, or Know-Nothings, the former having nominated the Hon. Thomas Davis, who represented the District in the Thirty-fourth Congress (1856–7), the latter supporting Christopher Robinson, Esq., of Woonsocket. The Providence *Journal*, we observe, supports Mr. Robinson, regarding his nomination as more "regular" than that of Mr. Davis; but its course is probably influenced by the fact that the former is an old Whig, while the latter was formerly a leader of the Democratic party, and strongly inclined to free trade. There is another reason for the *Journal's* preference in this case, which it thus frankly avows:

"The extreme opinions of Mr. Davis on the subject of slavery, however they may be defended on abstract and moral grounds, are not the political opinions of the Republicans in this district, if we understand them. The speeches of the two candidates, Monday evening, illustrated the difference in their views upon slavery. Mr. Robinson passed a eulogy upon Henry Clay, whose disciple he is proud to call himself. Mr. Davis instanced William Lloyd Garrison as a man whose name would descend to posterity with greater honor than that of Clay or Webster! Mr. Davis is undoubtedly honest in his opinions, and he is always fearless in expressing them; but he will find little response to that sentiment in Rhode Island, very little we hope. Henry Clay was all his life the advocate of freedom, by rational and practical means. He declared that never, by any act of his, should slavery be extended over one foot of territory that was already free. Garrison says that the Constitution of the United States is a compact with hell, and that it should be utterly disregarded and ignored in dealing with slavery. We do not suppose that Mr. Davis indorses this sentiment, for, apart from the denial which his character affords, he is now a candidate for an office upon which he cannot enter till he has taken an oath to support the Constitution; but we do not think that a man who utters such a sentiment, and who acts upon it, as Garrison does, ought to be held up to the admiration of an audience of American citizens."

Mr. Davis, of course, is not a Garrisonian, but no man, standing upon the *Republican* platform, is more uncompromising in his opposition to slavery than he.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Aaron Vail Brown, Postmaster General, died at Washington on Monday, of consumption.

Marius R. Robinson, upon withdrawing from *The Bugle*, left Ohio for Illinois, where he will hereafter reside. We have an impression that he is to be connected with a newspaper.

Joshua R. Giddings, having closed his Congressional career, is about to deliver public lectures in various places at the North. He will command large audiences.

The annual election in New Hampshire took place on Tuesday. The Republicans elected their Governor, the whole (3) Congressional delegation, and large majorities in both branches of the Legislature.

The latest intelligence from Theodore Parker conveys the cheering information that his health had improved after his arrival at Havana. He was to sail for St. Thomas on the 22d ult.

William Lloyd Garrison will speak at the Town Hall in Milford, Mass., to morrow evening, in reply to the Rev. Mr. George, of Natick, who, at the same place, on a recent occasion, delivered a discourse "exposing the horrid infidelity of the Garrisonians and other modern Nazarenes." When, at the close of Mr. George's effort, it was announced that Mr. Garrison would speak from the same rostrum a fortnight afterwards, the audience gave unmistakable evidence of satisfaction. The mad-dog cry of infidelity, so long kept up by time-serving clergymen and their followers against the best friends of the slave, is fast losing its power.

Mr. Spurgeon, the London revival preacher, is said to have abandoned, for this year, his contemplated trip to the United States. We published, two weeks since, an article from the London *Freeman*, containing statements encouraging us to hope that he would not, like so many other clerical visiters to the United States from that side of the water, identify himself here with the pro-slavery party, or fail to bear an unequivocal testimony against the great iniquity of which the American Churches have long been the chief bulwarks. We learn that there has been considerable nervousness upon this point among the conservative Baptists of this city, who affect to be concerned lest Mr. Spurgeon, by uttering himself against slavery, should impair his influence as a preacher of the gospel (!) and hinder the salvation of souls! The Rev. Mr. Corey, of this city, at whose invitation Mr. Spurgeon was to come, in reply to inquiries of his brethren, says: "When Mr. Spurgeon reaches America, he will preach on any and all subjects that may please him. And when you can chain the forked lightning, and control the current and the roar of Niagara, then, and not till then, can you put a lock on those youthful lips, or dictate what Spurgeon shall say to those assembled to hear him." The *Boston Courier*, always watchful for the peace and quietness of the Churches, threatens Mr. Spurgeon with mob violence if he dares to meddle with slavery, a matter exclusively American, and which no foreigner will be allowed to touch with his unconsecrated hands!

NOTE FROM MR. HOVEY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I COULD not refrain from writing a line to inform you how greatly I had been gratified by the discussion in THE STANDARD between yourself and Stephen S. Foster regarding the anti-slavery character of Henry Ward Beecher. I am much moved to write these few lines because you say, in your remarks on Mr. Foster's last letter, "we fear that not a few of our readers will be disposed to question the soundness of our judgement in that we suffer so much of our precious space to be occupied by such a discussion." I hope you have not many such readers; at any rate, at the risk of being pronounced a bigot, I should suspect the *soundness* of the anti-slavery character of any such read r. So important do I consider this discus ion, that I have determined to publish a pamphlet edition of it, immediately. If you have any corrections you wish to make fr your remarks as they appear in THE STANDARD, please inform me what they are, and they shall have attention. CHARLES F. HOVEY.

Boston, March 7th, 1859.

We have no corrections to make, and, if the pamphlet is to include only the matter that has appeared in THE STANDARD, no wish to add another word.

GARRISON'S REVIEW OF BEECHER.—Mr. Garrison's Review of Henry Ward Beecher's defence of himself for "Working with Errorists" has been published in a pamphlet, and may be obtained at this office for 3 cents.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXLIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent reverteth to the Webster Statue—He defineth his position as to its position—His opinions as to the State House yard, as a place for it—He approveth of the purchase of the Hancock House—And recounteth the downfall of the Old Great Houses—He relateth a tale of ingratitude—How the Foster-brothers were reared—And of the patriarchal care of the weaker—Ghostly care of the white brother for the spiritual good of the black one—And how it was repaid—Of the desecration of the Sabbath—Of Disappointed Virtue—Hobson's Choice, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, March 7, 1859.

LET me see! What was I writing about in my last letter? I think it must have been the Webster Statue. I certainly did free my mind as to the merits of that work of art, though I cannot say in what terms, as I have no copy within reach. Whatever I may have said of the colossal abortion in question, I have nothing to unsay. I think there never was anything of a public nature on which the public was so entirely of a oneness of spirit. Even the Committee of One Hundred, who procured its casting, though they have the impudence to propose having it set up in the State House yard, have not assurance enough to say anything in its favor. You may recollect that I vouchsafed my consent, after seeing the statue, to have it erected at the head of State street, or in any public square of this city. All the support Mr. Webster had, after his tergiversation of nine years ago this day (please notice my date)—that is, all to speak of—came from State street and the parts of the city appurtenant thereunto, so there was no absolute unfitness in his molten image being set up in some of the public places of Boston. But the proposal to make the State accept him as her Representative Man, by letting his *eidolon* be erected in front of the Capitol, is a totally different thing, and I trust such a stultification of themselves and of the State they represent will never be permitted by the General Court.

And I hardly think it can be. Governor Banks, I am well assured, ran before he was sent when he intimated to Mr. Everett that there would not be any objection to the place. I have reason to think that there will be very serious objection from within the walls of the Legislature; and, if not, I trust there cannot be wanting plenty of objection from without. It were an insult to the Commonwealth to set up the man who turned his back on her, and, as Lord Castlereagh said, on himself at the same time, and whom she has so emphatically disowned, as the citizen whom she most delights to honor. For if the Governorship of Mr. Banks and the supremacy of the Republican party in the State mean anything, it is an utter renunciation of the Man of the Seventh of March, and all his works from that day forward. It will do no man any good with the people to be mixed up in any *fetichism* of this sort. The shadow of that ugly idol will reach a great way and fall across the path of many a man, should enough be found to put it anywhere on soil belonging to the Commonwealth in its sovereign character. The suggestion is made with cunning as well as with impudence, inasmuch as the statue is offered as a free gift, and the State is asked to pay no part of the expense of putting it up. She is only asked to give up her consistency and self-respect! And in exchange she is to receive a statue so absurdly without merit as a work of art that even its authors and founders have not the face to claim any for it. I rather think it can't be done.

The other monumental matter I hope may be carried on to a successful issue. I mean the purchase of the Hancock House in Beacon street, which Governor Banks recommended to be done, and the bill for which has already passed the Senate. Everybody that has been in Boston will remember it, as it is one of the few objects of public interest that we have to show. The situation is the fairest in the city, and the old house will have to come down to make way for rich men's houses, unless saved by the interposition of the State. It is a thing which everybody will be sorry was left undone, as soon as it is too late to do it. It does not come within the category of the Mount Vernon swindle, because the heirs ask no more for it than its fair price in the market—indeed, rather less than could be had for it for building purposes—so that the investment is a perfectly safe one; and should Massachusetts ever become bankrupt, that portion of her assets will be found to have grown in value in a geometrical ratio. It is, I believe, literally the last of the old historical pre-revolutionary houses of Boston. The shell of the Old Province House is yet standing, but so changed within and without that its own father would not know it. This centre of the Colonial state of the Royal Governors from Sir Edmund Andros to Sir Francis Bernard and Governor Gage—from 1679 to 1776—is now a hall for Negro Minstrelsy and such entertainments as white men, who do for money what the apostle thought it impossible for an Ethiopian to do, viz., change their skins, provide for the delectation of their public. The Franklin house, which I have described in former letters, is utterly razed and abolished, and the very place knows it no more, being thrown into the street, and so is Sir William Phips's "fair brick house in the Green Lane at North Boston," and Governor Hutchinson's in Garden Court street, and Sir Harry Frankland's, which neighbored it, and Sam Adams's in Winter street, by stepping over the threshold of which the slave-woman his wife had bought became free, and several others, which were standing within my memory, but devoured up by the needs of traffic.

But let us come back to the present times. I am sorry to say that Boston has been the witness of a case of singularly hardened ingratitude within the last fortnight; I might say it was a case of *black* ingratitude, only it would not be strictly correct, as it was only a coffee-colored one. It seems that in the year 1834, or thereabouts, there was born in the house of a patriarch of Virginia a servant to whom was given the name of Henry, who was thereby entitled to all the prerogatives and privileges appertaining to that blessed condition. About the same time there was also born unto the patriarchal head of the house a son, Charles L. Hobson by name. The mother of Henry was promoted to the dignity of nurse to the heir of the titles and estates of Hobson, and thus became the foster-brother of the suckling slave. They grew up together; and when the father, who was also Sheriff of Richmond, went to join the company of the patriarchs in another life, not being able to take Henry along with him, he bequeathed him to Charles. Charles was not unmindful of the sacredness of the trust reposed in him, and, knowing that "Vice is the Mother of Misery" (or else the Copybook lies), he refused to permit him to eat the bread of idleness and sloth. So he hired him out for eight years to a Tobacco Factory, and afterwards for three more to the American Hotel in Richmond. Nor did his care for his tender charge cease when he had furnished him with useful employment. For, knowing further that the "love of Money is the Root of all Evil," he effectually prevented that poisonous growth from springing up within him by diligently receiving and spending all his wages—thus imperilling his own salvation to secure the spiritual welfare of the soul committed to his tutelary care.

Now, familiar as you are with cases of heartless ingratitude towards benefactors of this description, I think you can hardly credit the statement, when I tell you that the thankless villain repaid all this fraternal kindness by stealing himself and coming to this city with the atrocious design of robbing his beneficent guardian of his wages, and spending them himself! He had not been here long, however, when one day he saw his life-long friend in the street, accompanied by two neighbors, of the respective names of Payne and Henderson. With the instinctive intuition of guilt, the prodigal brother judged that they had come on for the purpose of restoring him to those blessings and privileges of which he had divested himself, either through ignorance or depravity. You will be pained to hear that this ungrateful varlet even found accomplices who assisted him in defeating the pious purposes of his benevolent protector. The parties arrived on the 18th of February, being Friday, and the next night the streets were placarded with posters to the following effect:

IS THERE A SLAVE-HUNTER AMONG US?

Charles L. Hobson, of Richmond, Virginia, Tobacco Merchant, was seen in our streets yesterday: Stops at the Tremont House. He is 22 years of age, six feet high, slim, pale-faced, gray eyes, solemn countenance, hair short and sandy-colored, beard on his chin, goatee fashion, wears a dark-colored overcoat, light-colored pants, and black slouched hat. He had one slave who has run away. Does he come here to hunt him?

Boston, February 19, 1859.

So that when his devout master—whose "solemn countenance" was doubtless indicative of early piety—was on his way to church to pray for the recovery of his lost sheep, he was confronted with this painful particularity of personal description, drawn certainly by no flattering hand. And he must have known that it was all up with the missionary enterprise in which he he was engaged. If the heathen after whom he was in pursuit was thus beforehand with him, he could not but know that he was lost beyond recovery. Giving up any further search for his lost sheep, this disconsolate shepherd returned dejected to the flock that remained to him in Richmond.

Whether Mr. Hobson called in the assistance of Commissioner Curtis, or any other patriotic official, to aid him in his good work, has not been accurately ascertained. It is not to be supposed that he neglected the obvious means for bringing the wanderer within the fold again. It would be a reflection at once on his character as a Christian and as a humane man to suppose for a moment that he could be guilty of any *laches* in a case of such vital moment. The *Boston Post*, indeed, had an article of a highly libellous and calumnious nature, denying that Mr. Hobson had any such design in thus following so closely on the heels of his evading chattel. It affirmed that he and his friends were here merely in the course of regular mercantile business, and that he had no such philanthropic designs as the handbill attributed to him. To such a height has the licentiousness of the press risen that a Democratic paper, devoted to the interests of Southern Christianity and Republicanism, rebukes as an injustice and condemns as an impertinence the attribution to this young son of the Old Dominion an intention of recovering his property, for its own good, by the means of the Fugitive Slave law, the only cement of our Glorious Union! *The Post* even went on to say that Charles, far from seeking to recover his brother Henry, would have gladly assisted him with money, had he known that he was in want. This is, indeed, aggravating the original slander beyond reason, young Hobson having vindicated the sincerity of his regard for his foster-brother by offering a large reward in Richmond for his capture and restoration to his protection. And now to say that he would have endangered his temporal and eternal happiness by leaving him to his own devices, and even giving him money, is a little too bad! I think he has good cause of action against *The Post*. However this may be, Henry was inconsiderate enough to be able to do without any such assistance, and Charles had perforce to take Hobson's choice and depart by an early train, singing plaintively, "O, carry me back to Old Virginny!" From which happy jurisdiction it is feared he will never be tempted to stray again. But I will not harrow up your soul with any more minute details of this melancholy business. As you editors say, "Comment is unnecessary!"

D. T.

Our Washington Correspondence.

The Thirty-fifth Congress—Closing Scenes—The Appropriation bills—Quarrel between the Senate and the House—Its Result—Great feat of Robert Toombs—Singular vote of certain Republicans—Was it log-rolling?—Results of the Session—Sensitiveness of the Oregon Republicans—Sermon on the Sickles affair.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8.

It is a relief and satisfaction to feel that the Thirty-fifth Congress has expired. It was, upon the whole, composed (I speak of the majority) of such bad men, and was guilty of such iniquitous conduct, that it will be a stench in the nostrils of the nation till its memory has entirely passed away. It will be chiefly notorious for its Lecompton bill of winter, but there are other measures identified with this Congress which will add to its evil reputation. In this connection, it must, however, be remembered that, almost for the first time since the anti-slavery agitation commenced, men were found in the Democratic party to withstand the demands of the South and a party President. Such men as Horace F. Clark and John B. Haskin deserve a great deal of credit for their courage in withstanding the demands of party even on such a question as that of the Lecompton bill. Both these gentlemen have, during the session which has just expired, acted against the Administration on almost every measure which has been up in the House for consideration.

The closing scenes of the present Congress were, as usual, full of interest and excitement. The way which modern legislators have of crowding the public business into the last forty-eight hours of a session produces confusion, wretched legislation, and quite often personal conflicts. I am happy to record the fact that the last night session was disgraced by no personal rencounters in the House or Senate. The last daily session continued for twenty-four hours—that is, the House and Senate met at eleven o'clock on Thursday forenoon and sat till noon of Friday. This was an exhausting session, but the members were generally fresh and animated when the hour for final adjournment arrived. During Thursday night most of the Appropriation bills were passed, though some wholesale amendments of the Senate were stricken out without a moment's hesitation in the House. For the first time the House took ground against the practice of the Senate in originating revenue bills in the form of amendments to House bills. This is prohibited by the Constitution, but the Senate has, for years, violated it. The Senate put on to a House bill an amendment raising the postage from three to five cents. Now, all postage receipts go first into the United States Treasury, and can only be drawn from thence first by order of Congress, and after that by order of the Postmaster-General, and a bill raising the rate of postage is a revenue bill. The House so regarded it and sent back the bill as amended to the Senate, with a spirited resolution asserting its rights. Of course, the Southern Senators were equally spirited, and the House and Senate were precipitated into a serious quarrel over the bill. It passed to and fro between the Houses, like a weaver's shuttle-cock, until at last the House refused to touch it, and left it on the Speaker's table. A new bill was introduced and sent over to the Senate, but this conduct rendered the Hotspurs of the Senate perfectly furious, and back it came to the House forthwith. The clock pointed out to members the alarming fact that the morning of Friday was dawning, and still no Post-office bill was passed. So a Conference Committee was appointed, who recommended both Houses to take up a new bill with the offensive Senate amendments left out. This was satisfactory to the House, and the report was agreed to. It reached the Senate about thirty minutes to twelve. Toombs, Mason and Benjamin were frantic over the loss of their Senate amendments, and the "insult," as they termed it, which the House proffered the Senate. Toombs roared like a wild bull, shook his horns in the face of Hale, Wade and Fessenden, and announced his determination of talking against time, and killing the Appropriation bill. This he did, the hammer of the Vice-President falling in the midst of his speech—and the Senate of the Thirty-fifth Congress was at an end. So Mr. Robert Toombs, by indulging in passion, defeated an appropriation of twenty millions to sustain the postal facilities of the country. This is more than ever Toombs accomplished before by a half hour's or half day's speech, and he is entitled to wear the feather in his cap.

The Civil Appropriation bill came from the Senate loaded down with amendments appropriating millions of money from the Treasury, but almost all were summarily rejected. Several fat jobs which were managed though the Senate by the lobby were defeated. There was one appropriation of $400,000 which went through, and by Republican votes, which is to this time a puzzle to me. It was in favor of the people of Florida on account of losses alleged to have been inflicted in the Florida war. Now, half a million of money is a pretty large sum to give the private citizens of Florida, when the whole war, from beginning to end, was an iniquity. I cannot understand why Republicans should vote for such an appropriation. I noticed that every Massachusetts member voted for it—and also, the other day, when the Massachusetts claim was up, that the Florida member was very active in its support, and that it gained many Southern votes. I suppose it would not do to suspect that there has been log-rolling in the matter, but it is "a remarkable coincidence."

There was no fighting in House or Senate during Thursday night; on the contrary, everybody seemed to be in good humor, and disposed to keep the peace. Two or three Southern members were drunk, but made no trouble. Keitt did not remain in the Hall after midnight, and I have no doubt was induced to absent himself for fear that he might be tempted to get into some difficulty before morning, if he sat up.

I understand that the Administration is dissatisfied with the results of the present session. None of its recommendations have been carried out, if we except the Treasury Note bill, which had to be passed. Congress refused to give Mr. Buchanan the license he asked for to make war upon the little Southern republics, and refused him thirty millions with which to bribe Spanish officials into the sale of Cuba. Neither would Congress consent to revise the Tariff, as the President suggested. The fact is that the Democratic members have been refractory. The President could not manage them so easily as heretofore; and if certain Republicans, who seem to oscillate between the two great parties, had not come to his rescue, not an Administration measure could have been carried.

I learn that those Republicans who voted for the Oregon bill are exceedingly sensitive upon the subject. The anti-slavery press of the country has criticised their conduct so severely that they feel somewhat like a schoolboy who has received an application of birch. I really don't see what fault these men can find with the press or letter-writers, though they complain bitterly. If anti slavery men endorse a Constitution so barbarous as that of Oregon, they must expect a terrible condemnation at the hands of an anti-slavery people. Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts declared, in his speech, that if he were to vote for so shameful a bill, he should expect his constituents to hang him in effigy at every cross-roads in his district. Messrs. Thayer, Comins & Co. must not feel too sensitive if their constituents do this very thing. Were they not serenaded in Washington by the Slave Democracy for their conduct? They can't have both—the praise of the slaveholders and that of their constituents. Let them be thankful that they are hung *only* in effigy.

Rev. Mr. Haley of the Unitarian Church in Washington preached, last Sunday, a very impressive sermon upon the Sickles Tragedy. He was very severe upon the state of society in this and other cities, contending that the Sickles affair was the natural result of our social condition. It is an undeniable fact that most women who come here and launch into hotel and fashionable life do not escape "scandal," or a reputation for folly, imprudence, and something worse than impropriety. This is the reason why so few members of Congress bring their wives and daughters with them to Washington, and I have heard them own it.

D. S. T.

SQUIRMING.—We published recently a chapter from a Sunday School book lately issued from the Methodist Book Room in this city, in which slavery was denounced, unequivocally, as a sin. Its title was "The Child's Anti-Slavery Book." The Methodists on the border squirm under this addition to the Sunday School literature of the Church. A correspondent of *The Northern Independent*, writing from this city, Feb. 16th, says:

"As it had been anticipated, the Child's Anti-Slavery Book is giving offence to the border. At the late meeting of the General Book Committee in this city, I have heard that the members of it from the South made strong objections to it, and wished at least to have it removed from the catalogue of the Sunday School Library. But I believe it has not yet been removed, and perhaps it will not. The tone of the opposition, as far as I can learn, is rather modified or subdued. They set forth their claims with calmness and a plausibility of truth. They complain that the reception of such a book would not only disturb the harmony of their schools, but that it must ultimately shut out all the books coming from the Sunday School Union of our Church. And furthermore, I am told, they say that the pressure of the community from without is already sufficiently strong against them, without the superaddition of such abolition books. Yet I have heard no complaint from them against the spirit or the style of the book, nor any denial of the truth of the narratives contained in it. For how can there be any? The facts set forth in the book are well known among them on the border, and the illustrations in it are, almost everywhere, seen in terrible reality in most of their cities and villages."

AN INSTRUCTIVE FACT.—It is often said that the ministers and Churches stand aloof from the anti-slavery movement, not because they are wanting in earnest hostility to slavery, but on account of the "infidelity" of the prominent champions of the cause. If this were indeed the reason of their refusal to cooperate with us, should we not find them prompt to rally around such a man as Cheever, whose orthodoxy is unimpeachable, and who has never identified himself with the Abolitionists in any other way than by a bold avowal of uncompromising anti-slavery principles? And how *do* they treat Dr. Cheever? A single fact will indicate the answer. A few days since, Dr. Cheever went to Albany to deliver an anti-slavery discourse in the Assembly chamber. Of the clergy of all denominations in that city, the only one (so at least a friend informs us) who even cared enough about the matter to go and hear him was Mr. Mayo, the Pastor of the Unitarian Society! Presbyterians (Old School and New), Dutch Reformed, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, all "passed by on the other side." Dr. Palmer, Pastor of an Orthodox Congregational Church, found time to come down to this city lately to sit with an *ex parte* council, called by notorious pro-slavery men to counteract Dr. Cheever's influence, but he did not show his face in the Assembly Chamber on the occasion above mentioned. Are not facts like these instructive?

TRIBUTE TO MR. GARRISON.—We make the following extract from a letter of a highly intelligent correspondent at Poughkeepsie, who writes us in reference to Mr. Garrison's recent visit to that city:

"I must say I was disappointed in the appearance of the man, for he was far nobler, purer and more spiritualized than I anticipated. Never did I meet a face before that expressed, or rather mirrored forth, so great and benevolent a soul as did Mr. Garrison's. And the words he spoke among us were those of a true Christian pleading for degraded humanity, clothed in a sable skin. It was unfortunate that the evening proved so stormy, for the numbers who listened to him would have been doubled had it been otherwise. * * * * The voice of slander had spent its vilest epithets against the character of Mr. Garrison before the evening for the lecture arrived, but I think the public pulse beat more healthily after he left, for his words could not fail to go directly to the soul of every one who heard them; and these in turn will give them to others, thus forwarding the good work."

A FIRM FRIEND OF FREEDOM GONE.—We record with sincere regret the death, in this city, on Sunday last, of OBADIAH ALLEN BOWE, a native of Wells, Vt., and formerly editor of *The Herkimer* (N. Y.) *Freeman*. Of the class of anti-slavery men who are not weaned from the ballot-box, no one was ever more earnest and uncompromising in his opposition to slavery than Mr. Bowe. Indeed, his zeal in the cause was such that he could not, as an editor, avoid giving offence to many whose patronage was indispensable to the pecuniary success of the papers with which he was connected. His independent spirit closed to him the avenues to competence and wealth, so that he died poor. Though not a Garrisonian, he dearly loved to read *The Liberator* and THE STANDARD, to procure which he visited the Anti-Slavery Office in this city every week, for a long time, until a few days before his death.

THE SLAVE TRADE SENTIMENT AT THE SOUTH.—The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post* says:

"I have heard several reports within a few days of organized action in the Gulf States towards reopening the slave trade. A gentleman who has been travelling in those States, and just returned to this city, informs me that he has not the slightest doubt of the truth of the reports. It would be gratifying in this connection, if there were time and space, to show with what clearness Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, in his able speech in the Senate the other day, against the acquisition of Cuba, proved the fallacy of the declarations frequently made, that the acquisition of that island would stop the slave trade. His argument to show that the reverse would be the fact—that the slave-traders would use Cuba as the shield for their infamous traffic—attracted the Senate as a well put and forcible objection to the acquisition. The *Globe* is so far behind in its reports that I cannot refer to the argument, it not being printed. There appears to be no question that our federal officers are doing nothing to check the trade in the States alluded to. This movement is not confined to the Gulf States, but extends to some on the Atlantic."

MR. GARRISON AT HIS BIRTH-PLACE.—We thank the friend who sent us the report of Mr. Garrison's lecture at Newburyport, which we have placed on the fourth page. That Mr. Garrison was invited to address the Lyceum in his native town, where, a few years since, no Hall or Vestry could be obtained for him, and that the best Hall in the County was filled on the occasion with eager listeners, is surely a gratifying illustration of the beneficent change that is taking place in public opinion. Our friend speaks in commendatory terms of the Hon. Moses Davenport, the President of the Lyceum, who introduced Mr. Garrison to his fellow-citizens in a manner alike honorable to that distinguished friend of humanity and to himself.

Dr. CHEEVER'S PROTEST against the too lenient action of his Church in the case of the pro-slavery conspirators who attempted to drive him from the pulpit on account of his faithful testimony against slavery will be found in our columns this week. With the ecclesiastical points involved therein we, of course, have nothing to do; but the anti-slavery bearings of the case are of sufficient importance to justify us in giving place to a paper which the *ex parte* council would not hear and *The Independent* excluded from its columns.

SPEECHES FOR CIRCULATION.—The eloquent speech of Charles C. Burleigh at the late meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, illustrating and enforcing the duty to protect fugitive slaves, is for sale at this office in pamphlet form, price 5 cents. We have also for sale, at the same price, the speech of Wendell Phillips, before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, upon the same great theme. They ought, both of them, to be widely circulated.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, a Literary and Spiritual paper, published in Boston, furnishes its readers every week with verbatim reports of Henry Ward Beecher's and E. H. Chapin's Sunday morning discourses. The reporter, as far as we have observed, has thus far done his work well. Colby, Foster & Co., are the publishers.

APPLY THE TEST.—The religious papers, so called, are magnifying the results of a "revival," which they say has been some time in progress, in Baltimore. Various statements are made to show that its fruits are glorious, but we cannot learn that it has had the effect to shut even one of the slave-marts of that city, or to diminish in the least the diabolical traffic in human flesh that is carried on in the very shadow of her church steeples, without rebuke from pulpit or press. The religion of Baltimore, with all its clatter of preaching and prayers, is at peace with slavery; hence the "revival" thereof must be a curse.

MISS REMOND IN ENGLAND.—We hear with great satisfaction that a wide field for useful labor has been opened to Miss Remond in England. She has delivered a considerable number of public lectures and met many friends of the cause in private conference; in every instance, we are assured, making a highly favorable impression upon all who heard or saw her. It is fortunate for our cause that, at this time, it has such a representative on the other side of the Atlantic.

CONGRESSIONAL SPEECHES.—Among the speeches lately received at this office, for which we have to thank the authors, are those of Senator Chandler of Michigan, Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois, Mr. Walton of Vermont (2), Mr. Brigham of Ohio, and Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts. One of Mr. Walton's speeches is that made by him against the Lecompton villany in March, 1858, entitled, "Revolution in the Law of the Land."

ANOTHER SERMON BY DR. CHEEVER.—To-morrow (Sunday) evening, at the Church of the Puritans, Dr. Cheever will deliver another discour

Miscellaneous Department.

A NEW MOTHER.

I was with my lady when she died:
I sit was who guided her weak hand
For a blessing on each little head,
Laid her baby by her on the bed,
Heard the words they could not understand.

And I drew them round my knee that night,
Hush'd their childish glee, and made them say
They would keep her words with loving tears,
They would not forget her dying fears
Lest the thought of her should fade away.

I, who guess'd what her last dread had been,
Made a promise to that still, cold face,
That her children's hearts, at any cost,
Should be with the mother they had lost,
When a stranger came to take her place.

And I knew so much: for I had lived
With my lady since her childhood: known
What her young and happy days had been,
And the grief no other eyes had seen
I had watch'd and sorrow'd for alone.

Ah! she once had such a happy smile!
I had known how sorely she was tried:
Six short years before, her eyes were bright
As her little blue-eyed May's that night,
When she stood by her dead mother's side.

No—I will not say he was unkind;
But she had been used to love and praise.
He was somewhat grave; perhaps, in truth,
Could not weave her joyous, smiling youth
Into all his stern and serious ways.

She who would have reign'd a blooming flower,
First in pride and honor as in grace—
She whose will had once ruled all around,
Queen and darling of us all—she found
Change indeed in that cold, stately place.

Yet she would not blame him even to me,
Though she often sat and wept alone;
But she could not bide it near her death,
When she said with her last struggling breath,
"Let my babies still remain my own!"

I it was who drew the sheet aside,
When he saw his dead wife's face. That test
Seem'd to strike right to his heart. He said,
In a strange, low whisper, to the dead,
"God knows, love, I did it for the best!"

And he wept—oh yes, I will be just—
When I brought the children to him there,
Wondering sorrow in their baby eyes;
And he soothed them with his fond replies,
Bidding me give double love and care.

Ah, I loved them well for her dear sake;
Little Arthur, with his serious air;
May, with all her mother's pretty ways,
Blushing and at any word of praise
Shaking out her sunny, golden hair.

And the little one of all—poor child!
She had lost that dear and precious life.
Once Sir Arthur spoke my lady's name,
When the baby's gloomy christening came,
And he called her "Olga—like my wife."

Save that time, he never spoke of her:
He grew graver, sterner every day;
And the children felt it, for they dropp'd
Low their voices, and their laughter stopp'd
While he stood and watch'd them at their play.

No, he never named their mother's name.
But I told them of her: told them all
She had been; so gentle, good, and bright;
And I always took them every night
Where her picture hung in the great hall.

There she stood: white daisies in her hand,
And her red lips parted as to speak
With a smile; the blue and sunny air
Seem'd to stir her floating golden hair,
And to bring a faint blush on her cheek.

Well, so time pass'd on; a year was gone,
And Sir Arthur had been much away.
Then the news came! I shed many tears
When I saw the truth of all my fears
Rise before me on that bitter day.

Any one but her I could have borne!
But my lady loved her as her friend.
Through their childhood and their early youth,
How she used to count upon the truth
Of this friendship that would never end!

Older, graver than my lady was,
Whose young, gentle heart on her relied,
She would give advice and praise and blame,
And my lady leant on Margaret's name,
As her dearest comfort, help, and guide.

I had never liked her, and I think
That my lady grew to doubt her too,
Since her marriage; for she named her less,
Never saw her, and I used to guess
At some secret wrong I never knew.

That might be or not. But now, to hear
She would come and reign here in her stead,
With the pomp and splendor of a bride;
Would no thought reproach her in her pride
With the silent memory of the dead?

So the day came and the bells rang out,
And I laid the children's black aside;
And I held each little trembling hand,
As I strove to make them understand
They must greet their father's new-made bride.

Ah, Sir Arthur might look grave and stern,
And his lady's eyes might well grow dim,
When the children shrank in fear away—
Little Arthur hid his face, and May
Would not raise her eyes, or speak to him.

When Sir Arthur bade them greet "their mother,"
I was forced to chide, yet proud to hear
How my little loving May replied,
With her mother's pretty air of pride—
"Our dear mother has been dead a year!"

Ah, the lady's tears might well fall fast,
As she kissed them and then turn'd away.
She might strive to smile or to forget,
But I think some shadow of regret
Must have risen to blight her wedding day.

She had some strange touch of self-reproach;
For she used to linger day by day
By the nursery door, or garden gate,
With a sad, calm, wistful look, and wait
Watching the three children at their play.

But they always shrank away from her
When she strove to comfort their alarms,
And their grave, cold silence to beguile:
Even little Olga's baby-smile
Quivered into tears when in her arms.

I could never chide them: for I saw
How their mother's memory grew more deep
In their hearts. Each night I had to tell
Stories of her whom I loved so well
When a child, to send them off to sleep.

But Sir Arthur—Oh, this was too hard!—
He, who had been always stern and sad
In my lady's time, seem'd to rejoice
Each day more; and I could hear his voice
Even sounding younger and more glad.

He might perhaps have blamed them; but his wife
Never failed to take the children's part.
She would stay him with her pleading tone,
Saying she would strive and strive alone,
Till she gain'd each wayward heart.

And she strove indeed, and seemed to be
Always waiting for their love, in vain;
Yet, when May had most her mother's look,
Then the lady's calm, cold accents shook
With some memory of reproachful pain.

Little May would never call her Mother;
So, one day, the lady, bending low,
Kiss'd her golden curls, and softly said,
"Sweet one, call me Margaret, instead—
Your dear mother used to call me so."

She was gentle, kind, and patient too,
Yet in vain; the children held apart.
Ah! their mother's gentle memory dwelt
Near them, and her little orphans felt
She had the first claim upon their heart.

So three years pass'd; then the war broke out;
And a rumor seemed to spread and rise;
First we guessed what sorrow must befall,
Then all could feel, for we read it all
In the depths of her despairing eyes.

Yes, Sir Arthur had been call'd away
To that scene of slaughter, fear, and strife.
Now he seemed to know with double pain
The cold, bitter guilt that must remain
To divide his children from his wife.

Nearer came the day he was to sail,
Deeper grew the coming woe and fear.
When one night the children at my knee
Knelt to say their evening prayer to me;
I looked up and saw Sir Arthur near.

There they knelt with folded hands, and said
Low, soft words in stammering accents sweet;
In the fire-light shone their golden hair
And the fathers by my darlings looked so fair,
With their little bare and rosy feet!

There he waited till their low "Amen";
Stopp'd the rosy lips raised for "Good-night!"—
Drew them, with a fond clasp, close and near,
As he bade them stay with him and hear
Something that would make his heart more light.

Little Olga crept into his arms;
Arthur leant upon his shoulder; May
Knelt beside him, with her earnest eyes
Lifted up in patient, calm surprise—
I can almost hear his words to-day.

"Years ago, my children, years ago,
When your mother was a child, she came
From her northern home, and here she met
Love for love, and comfort for regret,
In one early friend—you know her name.

"And this friend—a few years older—gave
Such fond care, such love, that day by day
The new home grew happy, joy complete,
Studies easier, and play more sweet,
While all childish sorrows pass'd away.

"And your mother—fragile like my May—
Leant on this deep love—nor leant in vain.
For this friend, strong, generous, noble heart)
Gave the sweet, and took the bitter part—
Brought her all the joy, and kept the pain.

"Years pass'd on, and then I saw them first:
It was hard to say which was most fair,
Your sweet mother's bright and blushing face,
Or the graver Margaret's stately grace;
Golden locks, or braided raven hair.

"Then it happen'd, by a strange, sad fate,
One thought enter'd into each young soul;
Joy for one—it for the other pain;
Loss for one—it for the other gain;
One must lose, and one possess the whole.

"And so this—[illegible]—what they cared for—came
And belong'd to Margaret: was her own.
But she said the gift was so, while
Pain and sorrow for your mother's sake,
And none knew it but herself alone.

"Then she travell'd far away, and none
The strange mystery of her absence knew.
Margaret's secret thought was never told;
Even your mother thought her changed and cold,
And for many years I thought so too.

"She was gone; and then your mother took
That poor gift which Margaret cast aside;
Flower or toy or trinket, matters not—
What it was, had better be forgot;
It was just then she became my bride.

"Now I think May knows the hope I have.
Arthur, darling, can you guess the rest?
Even my little Olga understands
Great gifts can be given with little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best.

"Margaret is my dear and honor'd wife,
And I hold her so. But she can claim
From your hearts, dear ones, a loving debt
I can neither pay nor yet forget;
You can give it in your mother's name.

"Earth spoils even love, and here a shade
On the purest, noblest heart may fall;
Now your mother dwells in perfect light,
She will bless us, I believe, to-night—
She is happy now, and she knows all."

Next day was farewell—a day of tears;
Yet Sir Arthur, as he rode away,
And turn'd back to see his lady stand
With the children clinging to her hand,
Look'd as if it were a happy day.

Ah, they loved her soon! The little one
Crept into her arms as to a nest;
Arthur always with her now; and May
Growing nearer to her every day:
Well, I loved my own dear lady best.

—*Household Words.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER—THE POET.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison delivered the fourteenth lecture before the Lyceum on Friday evening. *Subject*—The Poetry of John G. Whittier. The speaker consumed some time in a historical sketch of George Fox and the Quakers, which we omit here. He closed this portion of the lecture by saying that Quakerism had produced two poets, one an Englishman and the other the sweet bard of the Merrimac, of whom it was his privilege to speak.

John G. Whittier was born in Haverhill in 1807. His maternal granfather's name was Greenleaf. Both families, the Whittiers and Greenleafs, belonged to the good old stock that settled the banks of the Merrimac in early days, and did their part towards the civilization of the wilderness. John's father was a man of very good mind, but of humble means; and of course could not give his son more than the ordinary chance for development, and a few weeks each year at the public school was his portion. It was his good fortune to receive his first impressions at school and his introduction into the mysteries of the alphabet from our neighbor Joshua Coffin, Esq., and the pupil has lovingly remembered his earliest teacher in a poem of great beauty, which Mr. G. recited. There were no books in his father's family, nor money to buy any, save some Quaker Journals. Charcoal and shingle had to serve for pen and paper.

As John grew up towards manhood, his father placed him with a shoemaker, to learn the trade, and thus furnish himself the means of education—a trade that has often sent forth its representatives to adorn the highest stations. John worked at this trade about two years, and then entered the Haverhill Academy, and his first appearance in print was in 1826, in the Newburyport *Free Press*. The editor of that paper, one morning, on going to the office, picked up from the floor in the entry a letter addressed to him, and on opening it he found it to be a poetic effusion, written on coarse paper and with blue ink. At first sight he thought it was some common doggerels, for it is well known that words may be made to rhyme, and be perfect in measure, without possessing good sense, and the first impulse was to throw it into the fire; but on examining it, he found the poetry to be of a higher order than usual. It was published in *The Free Press*, and several other like effusions followed in a few weeks, growing better and better, till the editor became desirous to know who the unknown author might be. On inquiring of the post rider, he found that he left them in the entry for a young man who lived in the eastern part of the town. On visiting him he found a bashful youth, occupied mainly with the cultivation of the farm with his father. He was encouraged to cultivate the talent so evidently in his possession, and afterward he became a regular correspondent of the paper. After spending a short time at the Academy, he followed school-teaching awhile; and in 1828 commenced his career in the editorial line by assuming charge of the *American Manufacturer* in Boston. Afterward he was editor of the New England *Weekly Review* at Hartford, Connecticut, in which he succeeded George D. Prentice, now of Louisville, Ky.

In 1833 he took his stand on the great question of questions, in favor of the noble principles of freedom, and to his first love he has always been unflinchingly true. After his father's death, he carried on the farm, in 1836-7. In 1838 he assumed the editorship of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, the organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. In that year the splendid hall in Philadelphia, dedicated to the cause of equal rights, was burned in a riot by the rowdies, excited to the diabolical act by the Southrons resident there.

Whittier offered to exchange with the New York *Gazette*, and received an insulting reply, purporting to be friendly to Whittier as a literary gentleman of fine abilities, but considering his principles so horrible and abominable that they could not bring *The Gazette* to such an awful desecration as to permit an exchange, unless he would ignore the discussion of anti-slavery matters. Whittier responded in a pointed article, in which the editor of *The Gazette* was informed that he was not indifferent to the good opinions of his contemporaries; that he did not, like the enthusiastic priest, ask a kick for the Lord's sake; that he would forego any ordinary matter of convenience or pleasure for the sake of the good will of his fellow-citizens; but there were some things he could not forego, nor barter, nor sell for any earthly considerations, and these were the principles of human liberty to all mankind, without regard to race or condition. To this he had made up his mind to stand or fall as it might be, and no considerations of earthly friendship or literary celebrity appeared to him to weigh a feather in the scale against the holy and heaven-born privilege of defending the inalienable rights of God's poor.

Genius divorced from goodness, as in the case of Lord Byron and some others, loses half its power. What we do, and not what we say, is the great fact that lives. The repetition of the Lord's prayer does not make one a Christian, nor the observance of religious rites necessarily make a man holy. One man's words are as the whistling of the wind, if he is known to be hollow-hearted; another's are like cannon balls and find their way over or through all obstacles to the mark, for the reason that the hearers of said words feel that an honest heart prompts their utterance. It is not, then, what is said, but who said it; for the truth uttered by a liar would not be believed. What the world wants is a truthful life to make effective words addressed to them on any subject. This has been Whittier's strength. His heart has always beat with sympathetic emotions towards all classes of men, in every position of discomfort and dejection, whether the object be a slave on the rice or cotton plantations of the South, or the toiling poor in happier climes, who are ground down into the dust by the heavy and hard-handed capitalists who use them for gain, and allow them only such advantages as suit their convenience. Consequently, while Whittier has written no one great or long poem, all his effusions are so redolent of the celestial fire of love and good will to all men that they have placed him deep in the hearts of a generous public, from the St. Croix to the Delaware, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. With rare exceptions, any one of his poems can be read in a few minutes, but each one seems to be complete in itself, and many are of that character, for thought as well as mere poetic beauty, that they cannot fail to be cherished in the glorious future we all hope for, as the finest monuments of a literary fame vouchsafed to any one man in these latter days. It is true Whittier does not dive into the resources of the ancient world of letters, nor draw inspiration from the shades whence Homer and Virgil drew their ambrosial nourishment; he dwells not among the wild dreariness of the North, amid the cold and frowning and frost covered hills of Scandinavia or Caledonia, nor basks in the summer delights of Italian scenery; he leaves the oriental fields to more sublimated geniuses; and the petrifactions of Hindoo or Chinese civilization, the wild legends of savage romance and the fervid beauty of the tropics, are all sunk into insignificance in his eye before the majesty of man, and the more than romantic facts that cluster around life itself.

This eminently practical and religious quality in his poetry lifts him far above Homer or Virgil, or any other poet in ancient or modern times. No poet, unless Lowell, comes near him on the lofty themes that inspire his muse; though Longfellow and Bryant are eminent in their sphere as poets, and as men of noble genius and lofty aim; and yet Whittier, in his most inspired moments, rises as far above his compeers as the soul is above the body, or the matters relating to man's immortal nature are more valuable than the clothes that cover his body; as the affairs of man's real development are more important than the changing relations of government and the quibbling of political demagogues.

In regard to the question of slavery, Whittier has fulfilled his early promise. In every emergency of the cause, in every insolent attempt of the Slave Power to override truth and justice, and poison with its pestiferous breath the fairest hopes of the free millions of our common country, he has never failed to raise his warning voice as a sweet singer in Israel. Mr. G. read some of the poems composed on the occasion of some of these pro-slavery outrages. Whittier's writings are contraband in the Southern section of the Union, for the scourge of slavery puts a padlock on the lips and a film upon the eyes of the unfortunate citizens of those semi-barbarous communities who are too poor to own a slave, or whose consciences would drive them to seek its destruction. And indeed, had Whittier lived two hundred years ago, he would have been hung for his religious opinions; now, however, his native State unanimously calls him to an honored seat among the overseers of Harvard University; truly the world moves. The question that now occupies the mind and thrills through the heart of the people of this Commonwealth is, shall its own citizens be free. From the shores of Cape Cod to the hills of Berkshire, the cry is nearly unanimous for a statute law forbidding the hunting of men on our soil; a law that will secure to every one who sets foot within our State the absolute ownership of himself. We award to South Carolina the right to do as she pleases within her borders, and shall insist on the same privilege in our own. Mr. G. recited Whittier's "Massachusetts to Virginia." The slave system is the great blot on our reputation abroad, the perpetual argument in the mouths of sneering monarchists in Europe; and until it is put down, no advance can be made in republicanizing foreign countries. Whittier has a poem addressed to the foreign despots, which Mr. G. read, in which he tells them, in the language of a stern republican, that we have sworn the death of slavery, and that their thrones must follow next; for the march of humanity is onward, and woe to him who places himself in the way of the locomotive of reform. Mr. G. read copious extracts from Whittier's poems, among which that of the Yankee girl to the Southerner is the finest gem; and we agree with Mr. G., that the New England girl who can feel and act as that one is deserving to be the mother of men who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them.

Mr. G. occupied nearly two hours, but was listened to with almost rapt attention by a full house, saving when cheered vociferously on the utterance of those sentiments that burn in every true American heart, and are beginning to find a voice in the acts as well words of New England men; and judging from the attention given to Mr. G., we augur a new era for the public sentiment of Newburyport on this most vexing as well as most important of all questions that ever occupied public attention; that is, the influence of slavery upon our people and the way of ridding our fair land of this most potent evil of our times, "this sum of all villanies." We rejoice that Mr. G.'s great abilities are appreciated by his townsmen, and we join with him in his closing remark, "God preserve to the people of Massachusetts and the world, for long years to come, the sweet poet of freedom, and Christian citizen—John G. Whittier."—*Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.*

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

PARIS, Jan. 20, 1859.

My Friends: I reached this city this afternoon at 1 1-2 o'clock; and, in riding from the depôt to our Hotel, I saw enough of its beauty to justify the enthusiasm with which most persons who have ever seen it, and all Frenchmen, always speak of Paris. But the weather is not pleasant, I am somewhat weary of my day's journey, and so shall stay in the excellent house my son has provided for me, No. 148 Rue de Rivoli, and write you some account of what I have seen in England and London, before I am overwhelmed by what I am to see and hear in France and her brilliant Capital.

A week ago yesterday morning, at 6 1-2 o'clock, I left Liverpool on the London and North-Western Railroad, and at 3 o'clock, p. m., alighted at the depôt in the great metropolis, 210 miles from where I started. The arrangement of the passenger cars I do not like so well as ours—but they are substantially built, comfortable vehicles. The engines are not so handsome as ours, but they are powerful and well made, and take a train over the road much quicker than ours are wont to go. The road is built much more thoroughly than are our American railroads. Every precaution is taken to avoid accident, and so great is the estimated security of riding over the road that for six pence I bought an insurance on my life and limbs, in the sum of £500—or nearly $2,500. As a general rule, the railroad is not allowed to go on the same level with a common travelled road, that must needs cross it. And wherever it is not practicable to take the one above or below the other, strong gates are put at the places of meeting, so that no vehicle or person can cross the railroad when a train is in sight. No train can start from a depôt until the proper officers have ascertained that every passenger on the train has paid his or her fare. Then, persons who have not some business in and about the depôt are not allowed there. The officials are numerous; each one has his especial duty assigned him, and he is expected to do it promptly and exactly. In one respect the arrangement is far inferior to ours. Every passenger must look out for his own baggage. He receives no "check" as security for its safe delivery, and if it is lost, the R. R. Company is not responsible. The baggage master will mark his baggage with the name of the place where the passenger may wish to have it delivered, but he must be there to take it.

The road from Liverpool to London passes through, over and under a delightful country. There are six or seven tunnels, some one, others two, and one nearly three miles long—so I was told, and so I judged by the length of time it took to pass through them. These were not made because of the great height of the hills, but because of the agricultural soil upon them. The face of the country is undulating, rolling, not hilly, and in no place that I saw does it rise to the dignity of a mountain. Everywhere, that I could see, were signs of high cultivation. Even the woods looked as if they were taken care of. And so much milder is the English climate than ours that the grass was generally green, so that the sheep, cattle and horses seemed to be eagerly nibbling it; and in many places I saw fields of cabbages, rutabaga, and turnips still standing, and green vegetables growing, the kinds of which I did not recognize. The fences along the roads and dividing the fields are hedges, generally of hawthorn, now and then of the beautiful evergreen holly. The farms and estates visible from the railroad were divided and sub-divided into fields, some of them quite small. It seemed apparent that the fields were laid out in deference to the lay of the land, and not to any of the laws of Geometry, so they were all the more picturesque. I saw few public roads; most of them had gates or bars across them. The public roads that I did see were very smooth, looked as if they were macadamized, and were lined by hedges or rows of trees; but all of them were much narrower than American roads.

We passed through, or in sight of, several large, compactly built towns. But, excepting in them, I could not see where all the people, who did all the labor of the country, bestowed themselves. Here and there I saw a small cluster of houses, six, eight, perhaps a dozen; but for the most part I looked over vast stretches of meadow and upland, pasture and ploughed land, without a sign of the houses where dwell the peasantry that had done all the work, or of the barns and granaries in which they had harvested the produce. Occasionally we passed by or in sight of large, well-built houses, and of two palaces of noblemen, surrounded by ample out-houses. So I inferred all the produce was taken to the depositories of the lords of the soil, or the great farmers, who hired of them. Nowhere could I espy, as in our country, comfortable farm houses, scattered all along the roads, and across the fields, and up the hill-sides, and on their tops, each surrounded by twenty, forty, sixty or a hundred acres, belonging to the occupant, with barns and granaries to hold whatever he might raise. Exceedingly beautiful as the country of England undoubtedly is, the aspect of our country in this particular is better.

But I have kept you too long on the road to London. Well, in due time we were admonished of our approach to it, by the smokiness of the atmosphere, and the thickening of the houses on either side; and at 3 p. m., the hour foretold, the train stopped in a spacious Depôt where I found everything in perfect order—saw no confusion, heard no outcries. Directly opposite the door from which I alighted was a long row of nice one-horse carriages and "Hansom" cabs, different from anything I had ever seen before, named after the inventor. They are like large chaises, swung very low between a pair of high, heavy wheels, with the driver mounted in a seat at the top behind. They looked so awkward that I took a carriage instead of a Hansom, and, after a two miles' drive, was set down at the door of a nice private hotel, No. 10 Norfolk street, Strand, where my son was awaiting my arrival.

Of course I passed through many streets; I saw many of the great public edifices of this metropolis of the world; several lofty columns, and statues of distinguished men—but, at first, I could take notice of nothing so much as the dirtiness of everything—houses, stores, churches, palaces, columns, statues, all looked begrimed, smootched. Oh! if the dense, black smoke of the coal, which everybody burns in London, would but deposit itself in even, regular layers, one might suppose that the English people were particularly fond of black marble and ebony. But as it is, the buildings, columns and statues in London do not look black so much as very, very dirty. Even the statue of their much and justly admired Queen, in the Royal Exchange, looks as badly as the person of a coal-heaver. I accused several English ladies and gentlemen, whom I chanced to meet, with a great want of loyalty, that they did not keep a maid or man there to wash the face of her Royal Highness.

But notwithstanding the first impression of London was so disagreeable, I soon found much to admire. The streets, though crowded with people, were very orderly. I witnessed no unnecessary noise or confusion. The omnipresent police, a set of very gentlemanly men, seemed to keep all things right. Fortunately for me, the weather during my stay in the great city was unusually pleasant for the season. I saw the sun more or less (less rather than more) every day excepting one. But he always looked more like the Queen of Night than the King of Day.

I visited a number of the most remarkable places—the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Bank of England, the Horse Guards, Somerset House, and the House of the Duke of Northumberland.

It was so cold and damp in Westminster Abbey that I took but a hasty look at the wonderful structure and a few of the countless monuments that line its walls. The Houses of Parliament I surveyed more deliberately. My friend Mr. Thompson, formerly a member of the House of Commons, accompanied me, and made my visit much more interesting than it would otherwise have been. He pointed out the seats of the distinguished members, and explained to me the etiquette of the two bodies. But nothing in London interested me quite so much as the immense Library in the British Museum. It contained, I was told by one of the twenty sub-librarians, more than 700,000 volumes, when last counted, two years ago, and has been in the continual receipt of books ever since. The tables seemed to me to be loaded with volumes that had been recently brought in. They are admirably arranged, and so thoroughly catalogued that no book that has been once fully entered can be lost in the crowd. In the rear is the new Reading Room—a circular building [illegible] 100 feet in diameter, covered by a dome of beautiful arch, through which an abundance of light and air are let in upon the readers. Tables and desks are arranged in the most commodious manner, to accommodate hundreds of readers and writers. I thought there were a hundred there when I was in, and yet the room was not a third full. Women were there as well as men—and among the latter I was delighted to see one young man as black as ebony. This is one of the many evidences I expect to find in England and France that, not as in our boastful Republic, complexion is not a condition of privilege.

On Wednesday we left London at 11 a. m. for New Haven, about 50 miles distant. There, after stopping an hour, we took the Lyons, a steamboat, for Dieppe, and in seven hours we stepped upon the soil of France. The railroad from London to New Haven was as good, and the country through which we passed was as pleasant, as that between Liverpool and London. The same evidences of high cultivation and of agricultural wealth were seen on every acre that we passed.

The English Channel was unusually smooth, and our passage across it was quick and comfortable. We should have reached the place of our destination a half hour sooner than we did had it not been for the state of the tide. Dieppe is an old French sea-port. But we entered it several hours after dark, and left it the next morning an hour before light; so I can give you no account of it. Our passports were read and stamped by the officials; our baggage was examined, though much less critically than we expected; and we hurried to our hotel, to supper and to bed. French food and French beds are quite different from English or American. But I may have occasion to speak of them in a future letter. We slept well, and the next morning at half-past 7 were on our way to Paris—beautiful Paris, the city of palaces, pictures, police, pastry cooks and patterns. I expect to be very much delighted with what I am to see in this remarkable place; but not enough so to forget Syracuse and the many friends I have there. Let them all be assured of the sincere and unchanging regard of

Yours truly, S. J. May.

—*Syracuse Standard.*

LETTER FROM GEORGE THOMPSON.

1 Fentiman Road, South Lambeth,
London, Jan. 31, 1859.

My Dear Garrison: The two most joyful events which have happened to me, since my return from India in July last, have been the receipt of your letters, and a meeting with our mutually beloved friend, Samuel J. May. If you had accompanied him, we should have composed the trio which one cold, clear, frosty morning left the door of the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington street, in a lumbering stage-coach, for the good town of Groton, and the hospitable roof of Dr. Farnsworth. This was a quarter of a century ago. We were all then young men; we have now reached the grand climacteric; but, though advanced in years, we have not left those principles behind us which at first attracted us to each other, but have carried them with us in our journey of life, and are as much concerned for their spread and triumph, and are even more convinced of their truth and righteousness, than when we first found ourselves, in the ardor of comparative youth, banded together as recruits and comrades in the glorious struggle for the redemption of the bondman.

Mr. May, notwithstanding the brevity of his stay in London, found time to pay me two visits, and I found strength enough to be his guide and companion through the labyrinthine halls and corridors of the stately palace of Westminster. From our friend I obtained much valuable light on the position, projects and prospects of the political and non-political parties in the United States. While I was in India, I received regularly and read with eager appetite *The Liberator*. I am, therefore, tolerably posted up in all matters relating to the operations of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

I often think that a special Providence has watched over the prominent laborers in the field you were first to enter, now a generation ago. You yourself have been a remarkable instance of God's sustaining power. Of all who gathered around you, in the early days of your anti-slavery career, how few have been waited upon by the angel of death! True, some have disappeared, falling from gradual decay and extreme age—a Lovejoy has sunk under the fire of assassins—a Follen has been mysteriously cut off by a fearful catastrophe—and a Shipley has gone the way of all flesh; but you, with the Chapmans, the Westons, the Quincys, the Phillipses, the Burleighs, the Fosters, the Mays, the Wallcuts, and others still live, fighting beneath the same banner, rallied by the same watchword, and struggling for the same divine object. Not less singular, nor less worthy to be recorded, has been the all but universal constancy, integrity and fidelity of those who have, from time to time, like the disciples of old, left their secular callings to bear the cross of anti-slavery, and be the followers of Him whose mission was to preach deliverance to the captive. The annals of the past do not, in my belief, furnish a more striking exemplification of steadfastness and perseverance, on the part of men and women espousing, under the influence of humane feelings and high principles, an unpopular and persecuted cause. No such fruit can be shown among the converts of any system of mere human philosophy; and those who, in their pride and prejudice, brand the Abolitionists of the Garrisonian school as infidels would be much perplexed, if called on to account for the fact, that lives like those which have illustrated the movement, of which you are the honored leader, have been formed on any other code of ethics than that which was promulgated by the great Teacher, who taught his disciples from the Mount of Judea.

You ask me to write you about myself. The 12th of January, 1856, saw me on board a steamer, leaving Marseilles for Malta, on my way for the second time to the banks of the Ganges, on a commission of inquiry into the nature and qualities of the fibrous products of India, with a view to the importation into England of such as might be adapted to the manufacturing interest of the country. My health was then good, and I contemplated a five years' residence abroad, including a visit to China, a tour amongst the Himalayan regions of India, and a journey to Persia. Nothing could exceed the gratification I enjoyed on my way to the place of my destination. The scenery of the Mediterranean—a three days' stay at Malta (full at the time of bustle and activity, created by the presence of thirteen thousand British troops on shore, and eighteen ships of war in the grand barbor)—a trip from Alexandria to Cairo by railway—and a seven days' detention at Suez, which enabled me to visit Joseph's well in the desert, to join an expedition to set a trap for a hyena, to go to the spot (called the Valley of Encampment) where the Israelites made their last halt before their passage of the Red Sea, and also to the well of Moses on the opposite shore, where Miriam sung her song of triumph—these and other occupations, with the enjoyment of high spirits, and a climate than which I could conceive nothing more delicious or heavenly, filled up my time, until, having got our mails, passengers and a large amount of treasure on board, we sailed at midnight, beneath the light of a full moon, for the Rock of Aden, and thence via Ceylon to Calcutta. I landed at the city of palaces on the 25th of February, in time to witness the departure of Lord Dalhousie, the unscrupulous spoliator of the native Princes of India, and the author of the iniquitous Burmese war; and the installation of the present Viceroy, Lord Canning, who is, I believe, a man who would much rather win laurels in fields of peaceful industry than amidst the horrors and crimes of war. I had not been five months on shore, before I was visited by a violent attack of the liver, and was ordered a voyage to Ceylon for my recovery. I returned, and resumed my duties, and was tolerably well re-established during what is called cold season. In the following June, my health again gave way, and again I sought, by a trip to Ceylon, to recover it; but in this hope I was disappointed. Worse symptoms than any which had before appeared, and which threatened a fatal result, detained me a prisoner in the island for more than three months: during the whole of which time, I experienced an amount of hospitality and kindness, at the hands of previously unknown individuals, which not only alleviated my sufferings, but saved my life. Once more I returned to Calcutta, and, trusting to the effect of the cold season, recommenced operations, and continued them until March, when, utterly broken down, and told by my doctors that nothing but the air of my native climate would raise me up again, I took passage in a screw steamer via the Cape of Good Hope for England. Hitherto, a sea voyage had always had the effect of restoring me when an invalid, but this time such was not the case. My sufferings before I reached the Cape were dreadful, while at the Cape I lost the use of my limbs by paralysis, and reached home in a perfectly helpless condition, requiring the same kind of assistance as an infant—my food having to be conveyed to my mouth by others, and requiring to be lifted even from one chair to another. During the last six months, I have been gradually recovering; I can walk with almost my accustomed ability, and eat and sleep well. It is my nervous system that is now most affected, and I am incapable of bearing much excitement or mental effort. I am still deprived of the use of my hands for the purpose of writing, and send you this letter by dictation to my son. I have had many invitations to take a share in the agitation now going on, on the Reform question, but have been compelled to decline them, as it would be perilous to venture upon public speaking in my present state; besides which, I cannot dispense with the services of a male attendant, and should not like to be thrown upon the offices of strangers, as I should be, if I at present went from home.

The failure of my health has occasioned the loss of my income, as my salary has been withdrawn from the time I was forced to relinquish the field of my exertions, and I cannot hope for any from a new source until the re-establishment of my health permits of my entering upon some fresh sphere of labor.

I am greatly cheered by the kind sympathy conveyed to me, through your letter, and the many messages of regard brought me by Mr. May. I wish it were in my power to furnish practical proof of my gratitude; but cherish the strongest possible attachment to the very dear friends with whom it has so long been my privilege and honor to be associated, not only by the ties of a common object, but by the most sacred bonds of friendship and affection, only equalled by my admiration of the lofty virtues and inflexible courage which they have displayed in behalf of the down-trodden slave.

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I must here leave off, for I am tired. My affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Garrison, to the dear friends at Weymouth, to Wendell and Mrs. Phillips, to Edmund Quincy, to Charles and Mrs. Hovey, to John T. Sargent (whom I will shortly address a letter to, in reply to his own to me), Mr. Wallcut, S. May, Jr., and to the whole "household of faith."

Now and forever, your affectionate friend,

—*Liberator.* George Thompson.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach; not collecting its force into single and insulated achievements, like the efforts made in the fine arts, but diffusing, equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure, better loved as it is longer felt, and suitable to every variety and every period of life. Therefore, instead of banging the understanding of a woman upon walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings—instead of seeing it in clouds, or hearing it in the wind, we would make it the first spring and ornament of society, by enriching it with attainments upon which alone such power depends.

If the education of women were improved, the education of men would be improved also. Let any one consider (in order to bring the matter more home by an individual instance) of what immense importance to society it is whether a nobleman of first-rate fortune and distinction is well or ill brought up—what a taste and fashion he may inspire for private and for political vice!—and what misery and mischief he may produce to the thousand human beings who are dependent on him! A country contains no such curse within its bosom. Youth, wealth, high rank, and vice, form a combination which baffles all remonstrance and beats down all opposition. A man of high rank, who combines these qualifications for corruption, is almost the master of the manners of the age, and has the public happiness within his grasp. But the most beautiful possession which a country can have is a noble and rich man who loves virtue and knowledge; who, without being feeble or fanatical, is pious; and who, without being factious, is firm and independent; who, in his political life, is an equitable mediator between king and people; and, in his civil life, a firm promoter of all which can shed a lustre upon his country, or promote the peace and order of the world. But, if these objects are of the importance which we attribute to them, the education of women must be important, as the formation of character for the first seven or eight years of life seems to depend almost entirely upon them. It is certainly in the power of a sensible and well-educated mother to inspire, within that period, such tastes and propensities as shall nearly decide the destiny of the future man; and this is done not only by the intentional exertions of the mother, but by the gradual and insensible imitation of the child; for there is something extremely contagious in greatness and rectitude of thinking, even at that age; and the character of the mother, with whom he passes his earliest infancy, is always an event of the utmost importance to the child. A merely accomplished woman cannot infuse her tastes into the minds of her sons; and, if she could, nothing could be more unfortunate than her success. Besides, when her accomplishments are given up, she has nothing left for it but to amuse herself in the best way she can; and, becoming entirely frivolous, either declines altogether the fatigue of attending to her children, or, attending to them, has neither talents nor knowledge to succeed; and, therefore, here is a plain and fair answer to those who ask so triumphantly, Why should a woman dedicate herself to this branch of knowledge? or, why should she be attached to such science? Because, by having gained information on these points, she may inspire her son with valuable tastes, which may abide by him through life, and carry him up to all the sublimities of knowledge: because she cannot lay the foundation of a great character if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements, nor inspire her child with noble desires when a long course of trifling has destroyed the little talents which were left by a bad education.

It is of great importance to a country that there should be as many understandings as possible actively employed within it. Mankind are much happier for the discovery of barometers, thermometers, steam-engines, and all the innumerable inventions in the arts and sciences. We are every day and every hour reaping the benefit of such talent and ingenuity. The same observation is true of such works as those of Dryden, Pope, Milton and Shakspeare. Mankind are much happier that such individuals have lived and written; they add every day to the stock of public enjoyment, and perpetually gladden and embellish life. Now, the number of those who exercise their understandings to any good purpose is exactly in proportion to those who exercise it at all; but as the matter stands at present, half the talent in the universe runs to waste, and is totally unprofitable. It would have been almost as well for the world, hitherto, that women, instead of possessing the capacities they do at present, should have been born wholly destitute of wit, genius and every other attribute of mind of which men make so eminent a use: and the ideas of use and possession are so united together that, because it has been the custom in almost all countries to give to women a different and a worse education than to men, the notion has obtained that they do not possess faculties which they do not cultivate. Just as, in breaking up a common, it is sometimes very difficult to make the poor believe it will carry corn, merely because they have been hitherto accustomed to see it produce nothing but weeds and grass—they very naturally mistake present condition for general nature. So completely have the talents of woman been kept down, that there is scarcely a single work, either of reason or imagination, written by a woman, which is in general circulation, either in the English, French, or Italian literature; scarcely one that has crept even into the ranks of our minor poets.

If the possession of excellent talents is not a conclusive reason why they should be improved, it at least amounts to a very strong presumption; and, if it can be shown that women may be trained to reason and imagine as well as men, the strongest reasons are certainly necessary to show us why we should not avail ourselves of such rich gifts of nature; and we have a right to call for a clear statement of those perils which make it necessary that such talent should be totally extinguished, or, at most, very partially drawn out. The burthen of proof does not lie with those who say, Increase the quantity of talent in any country as much as possible—for such a proposition is in conformity with every man's feelings: but it lies with those who say, Take care to keep that understanding weak and trifling which nature has made capable of becoming strong and powerful. The paradox is with them, not with us. In all human reasoning knowledge must be taken for a good, till it can be shown to be an evil. But now, Nature makes to us rich and magnificent presents; and we say to her, You are too luxuriant and munificent—we must keep you under, and prune you; we have talents